THE PRIVATE EYES

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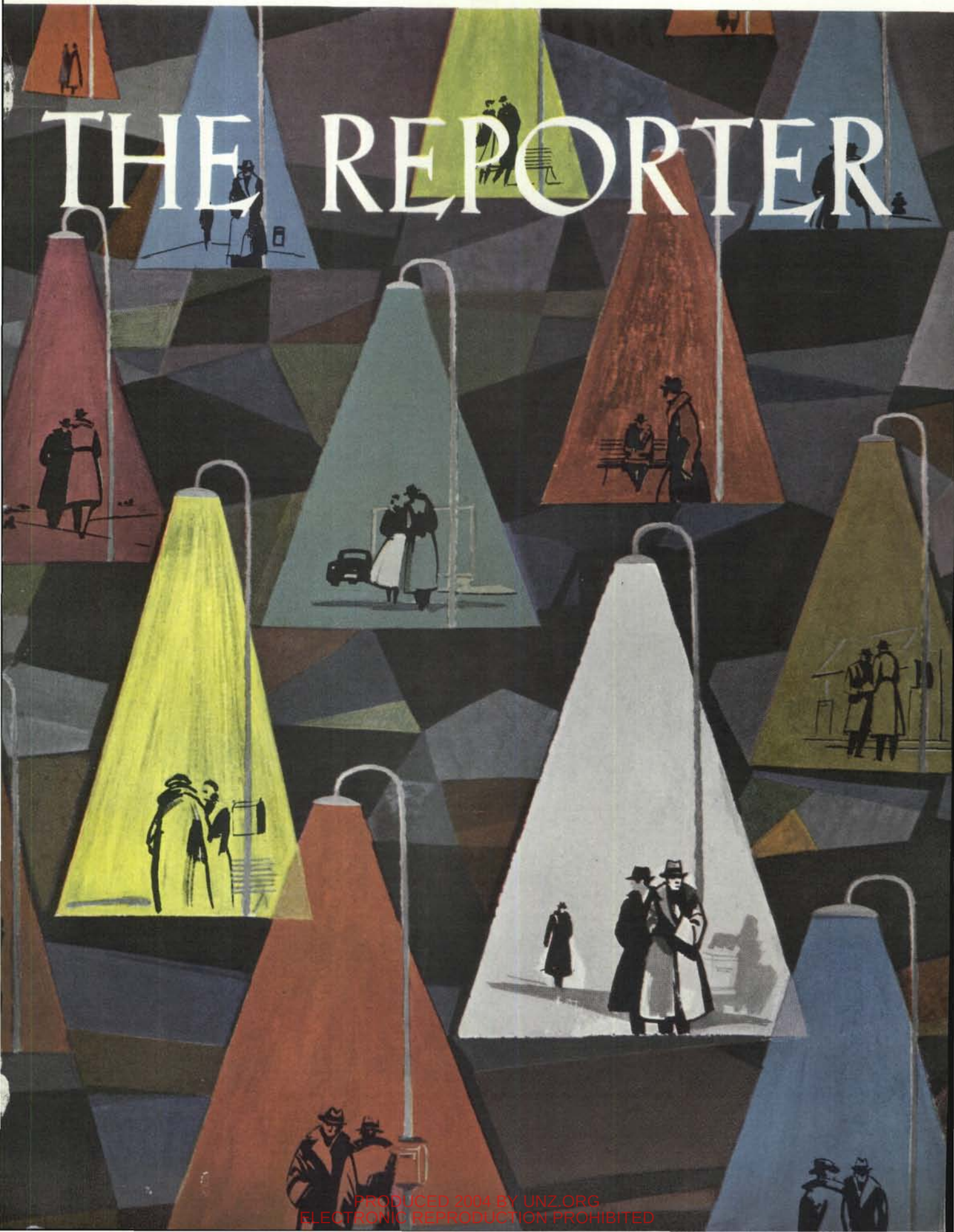

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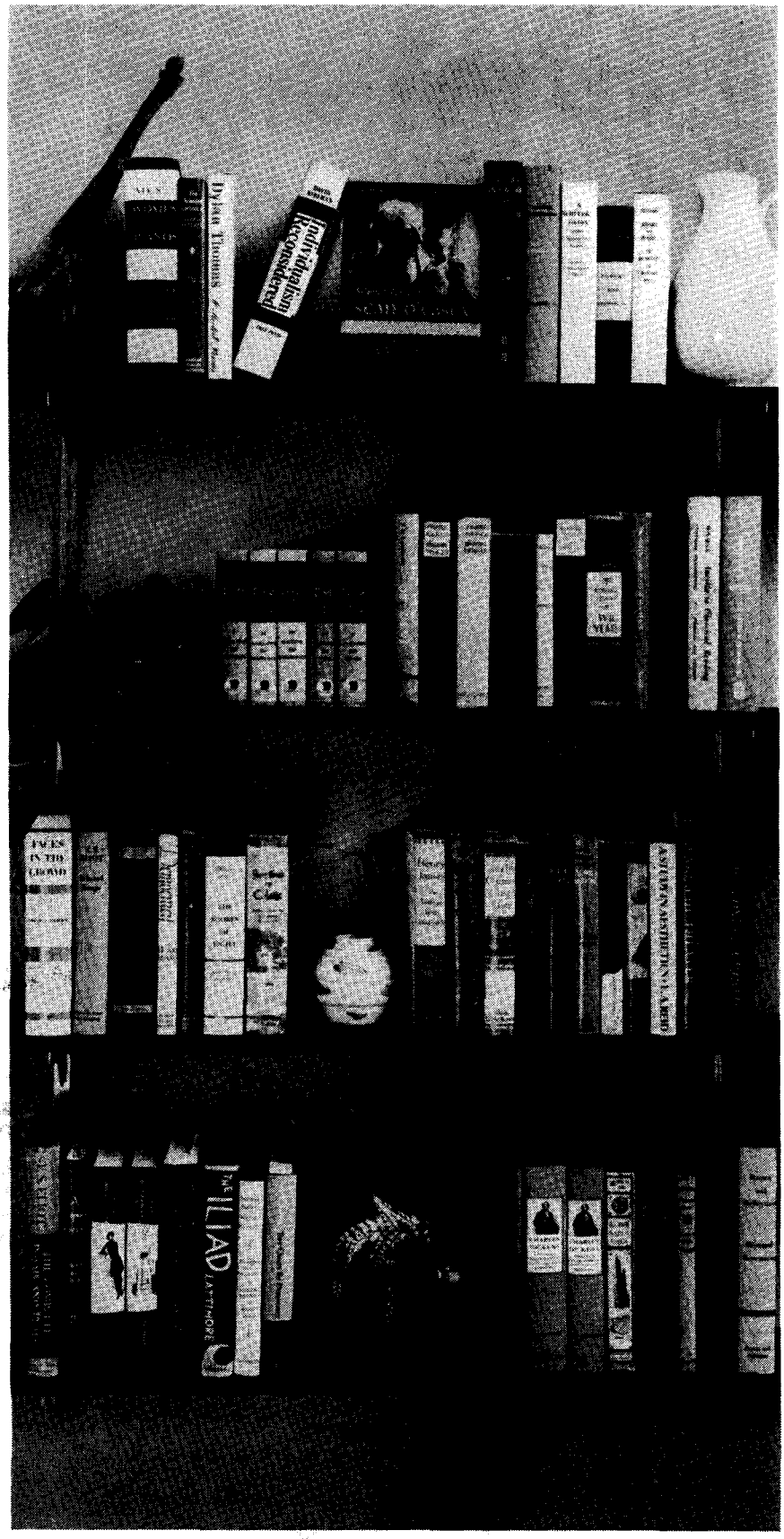

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Great Soldier

When we started reading in the New York *Times* the full text of General MacArthur's Los Angeles address, we expected the worst. The front page of an early edition of the *Times* carried the headline: MACARTHUR ASSAILS U.S. 'DEPENDENCE'—ATTACKS COLLECTIVE SECURITY—LOS ANGELES HAILS HIM—MONUMENT DEDICATED. The story that followed reported that General MacArthur had asked his hearers to reject the idea that "we have become dependent on other nations for our being and for our welfare." And so on in the same vein.

But after the first sentences of the major address, we felt there was something different there. Lately we have been accustomed to hear from our major national leaders that, as General MacArthur said, war is not any longer "a medium of practical settlement of international differences," for "If you lose, you are annihilated. If you win, you stand only to lose." What was different and new was the breadth of the idea and the sweep of the conclusion.

War must be outlawed, he said. "The ordinary people of the world, whether free or slave, are all in agreement on this solution; and this perhaps is the only thing in the world they do agree upon. But it is the most vital and determinate of all. The leaders are the laggards.... They have not even approached the basic problem, much less evolved a working formula to implement this public demand.... It is the only issue—and the only decisive one—in which the interests of both [sides] are completely parallel." In other words, if the threat of coextinction is removed, coexistence will work.

His answer to those who think we can buy a few more years of peace by investing eight or eighty billions more in airplanes, intercontinental missiles, or nuclear weapons is that this "would be incontestable if the other side did not increase in like proportion. Actually, the truth is that the relative strengths of the two change little with the years. Action by one is promptly matched by reaction from the other."

The General has no stomach for certain "dangerous doctrines ... doctrines which might result in actual defeat; such doctrines as a limited war, of enemy sanctuary, of failure to protect our fighting men when captured, of national subversive and sabotage agencies, of a substitute for victory on the battlefield—all in the name of peace."

HE IS a man still to be reckoned with, this old soldier. He hates the idea of limited or half wars, just as he has only contempt for half measures in the direction of peace. Yet, intolerant as he is of timidity and of compromise, insistent as he is in asserting that in war there is no substitute for victory, he has been emphatically asserting over a number of years that war is no longer a substitute for peace. Unlike many befuddled former military commanders clustered around him, he has never flirted with the advocacy of preventive war.

As far as we know, he has never come out for crusades of extermination of foreign or domestic Communists. At times he has exhibited a near-rebellious impatience with civilian control of the military. Yet whenever those demagogues who really would not mind subverting our institutions under the guise of patriotism and anti-Communism have thought of MacArthur as their natural leader, he has retreated to some sanctuary of his own.

There are extraordinary contradictions in this man, as evidenced by his two recent Los Angeles speeches. These contradictions are proportionate to his greatness, which is real. His devotion to the country can sometimes take the form of the most extreme nationalism, and then all of a sudden, in spite of the company which surrounds him, he comes forth with his conception of the destiny of America—the nation that, he believes, can live up to its mission if it takes the boldest possible step to free all men from the threat of war.

The General is an old man now. Where are the younger leaders to carry out his idea and make it work?

No Laughter, Please

Out of Hollywood and in *Variety*, the bible of show business, comes the cry: Whatever happened to political jokes? "Why," asks the writer, "aren't the comedians puncturing the inflated false fronts of some of the more preposterous politicos like they used to? ... What standup comedian of the old school shied from dusting off politics? ... Will Rogers made a career of it, and what comedian was ever more beloved by the American people than Will? ... What has brought on the new silence?"

Even *Variety*, honest spokesman of a profession that has always been free of mind and expression, only hints at an answer: "It may be fear, that any reference to any politico, made in jest, may kick back."

WE CAN GO further. Sponsors have brought on the new silence by telling their comedians on radio and TV what they can say and what they can't, and dropping them if they get more than five angry letters or lose the sale of a dozen boxes of Sloppo. Little bands of vigilantes, male and female, have brought on the silence by threatening to boycott Sloppo if the comedians offend their prejudices. Comedians have brought on the silence by lacking the guts to tell the sponsors and the vigilantes where they get off. Politicians have brought on the silence by virtue of their incapacity to see a joke, let alone tell one. The only laughs

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- ☐ A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX..*Bruce Catton*
- ☐ SWEET THURSDAY.....*John Steinbeck*
- ☐ A FABLE.....*William Faulkner*
- ☐ THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY OF SAGAMORE HILL *Hermann Hagedorn*
- ☐ NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS.....*Mac Hyman*
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- ☐ LÉLIA: The Life of George Sand *André Maurois*
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- ☐ THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY..*Ernest K. Gann*
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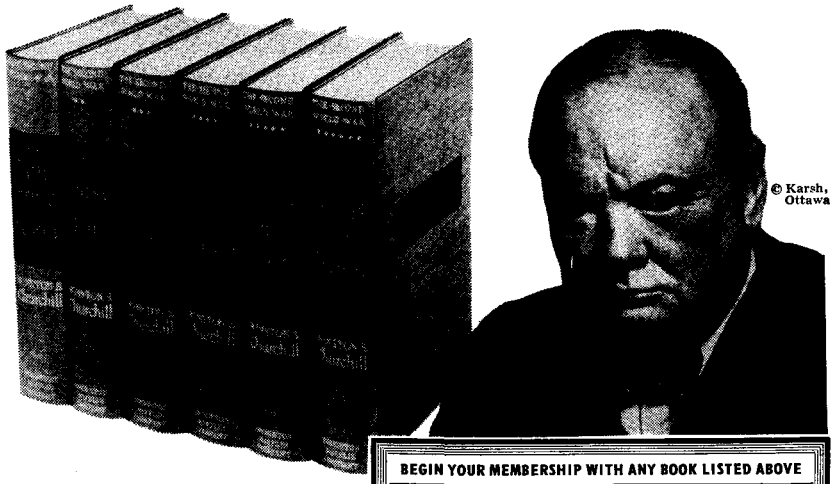

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these days come from bloopers, not jokes.

Will Rogers is well off where he is. He would have a hard time finding a sponsor today.

The Road to Damascus

A few days ago we read a speech by former Senator Harry Cain of Washington, now a member of the Subversive Activities Control Board. Before we had gotten through the first paragraph we found the Senator warning that this country had set up a security system which could "snuff out the lights of learning while making cowards and mental robots out of free men and women," and that "we had constructed an apparatus which can destroy us if we don't watch out . . ."

SINCE Harry Cain has always been tagged as a buddy of Joe McCarthy's, we figured something must have happened and called at his office to find out what.

"I guess you wonder what happened to me," said the former Senator. "A lot of things. For one thing, I get to see a lot of people in this job. I listen to the organizations, and then I have to go around to the Justice Department and places like that. I talk to people. Even more important, for the first time since I got out of school, I have fifty per cent of my time to think.

"Then one day a man came in from my state. He was a scientist and a security case. He told me neither one of his Senators nor his Congressman was interested in him. They wouldn't touch his case with a ten-foot pole. He told me he was a Democrat but he couldn't get any help from the Democrats. I told him I'd look into it and see what I could do. I'm not a lawyer but I defended that one.

"He was a scientist, working on cancer problems for the government. What could be more important to the country? But someone said he was a Communist organizer back in 1941. His maid said there used to be a lot of funny-looking people around the house. And an old lady of eighty wrote in—she never came to testify—and said he used to associate with some funny people. Of course he did; he's a nonconformist."

Harry Cain tried to fight that one. "I couldn't believe we'd lose," he said, "but we did."

AFTER a year on the job, Harry Cain has concluded that "whether in or out of the government, the orthodox mind because of its strength and singleness of purpose maintains and preserves progress, but the dreamer and nonconformist makes progress . . ." Moreover, the "eager beavers and Johnny-come-latelies" who have become security officers cannot distinguish between nonconformity and security risk.

The Wolf Ladejinsky case, he told us, was a good sample. "Take the security officer over in Agriculture. One day he's a farmer. Two weeks later he's the head of the security department. Now if that isn't a Johnny-come-lately, what is? I can guess just what happened. He saw a few things: 'Amtorg, three sisters in Russia, two Communist fronts.' So what does he do? He doesn't have enough sense to ask any questions. He just calls him a security risk.

"And then it goes to Ezra Benson. Ezra's a pious man. So what does he do? He goes home and prays all night. And then he comes back satisfied that God is on his side. No questions. He didn't go over and talk to Dulles. He didn't talk to Ladejinsky. He didn't find out any more about it. He just went home and prayed all night."

Harry Cain thought about the situation for quite a while, then decided to get it all off his chest by making a speech. He worked on it nights at his kitchen table, and then a group of old friends in the State of Washington, conservative people, asked him to come home and make a talk. So he got it off his chest for an hour and fifteen minutes. No one squirmed, no one coughed, no one wriggled. They liked it.

Harry Cain is waiting for a White House reaction. If the White House doesn't like it, he says, he can quit. "But they might decide I'm right. They might just change this system. If they do I'd like to be in on it."

What Next?

With the Congressional resolution on Formosa approved, is there any reason why the so-called Mutual Defense Treaty with Nationalist China should receive Senate ratification?

Unquestionably, the most important and most controversial idea in the President's message to Congress was that of a cease-fire on the Formosa Strait—which, as has been abundantly said by our national leaders, should lead to the neutralization of Formosa. But what sense is there in having a mutual-defense treaty with a partner which, if our policy is successful, should be neutralized? Wouldn't Chiang Kai-shek be justified were he to say that if the principle of mutuality is to work at all, our nation too should be neutralized?

QUESTIONS FOR AMERICANS (FEMALE)

"Karachi, Pakistan: Five thousand women were asked today: "How many wives does your husband have?" —The New York Times

How many wives does your husband have?
My husband, he has three:
One at the office, one in dreams,
And me.

How many wives does your husband have?
My husband, he has two:
The imagined woman he married and
The true.

How many wives does your husband have?
My husband, he has none:
He's wed to money. That makes less
Than one.

—SEC

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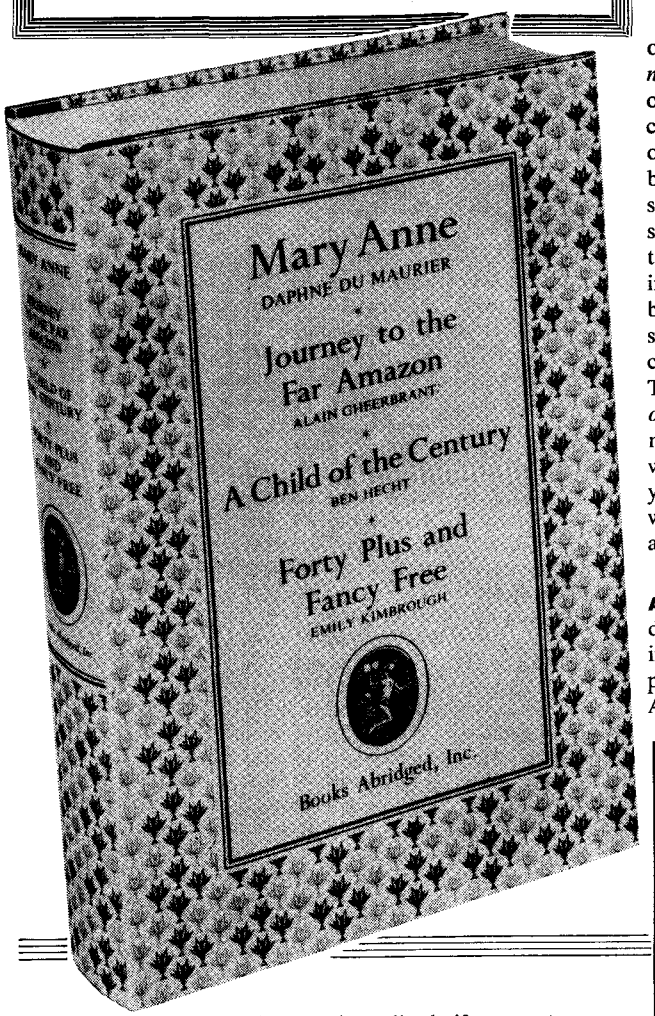

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DR. GEORGE GALLUP recently revealed in his polls that an astonishingly high percentage of the nation's university graduates *no longer reads books*. The reason is obvious: just because of their educational advantages, they usually occupy positions where they are busy, busy, busy always! As a result, many of them feel they are stagnating intellectually by missing the stimulation and broadening of interest one can get only from books. BOOKS ABRIDGED is a sensible service directed straight at the cause of the problem: *lack of time*. The books are always *in the authors' own words;* and they are shortened, never rewritten, by a staff of editors who have had more than fifteen years' experience in this field, and who have never failed to satisfy the authors themselves.

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VIERECK REVISITED

To the Editor: As usual, Peter Viereck has many wise and sparkling things to say in his piece on "The New American Radicals" in *The Reporter* for December 30. But, as too often, he also disfigures his essay by moments of romantic extravagance. I hardly think, for example, that he adds much weight to his general argument by the terms in which he sets forth his distinction between "direct" and "indirect democracy."

"Direct democracy," according to Mr. Viereck, is "government by referendum and mass petition"; it is mob government, he says, and facilitates revolution. But Mr. Viereck seems to have forgotten that the right to petition is firmly imbedded in our Constitution. The fact that the supporters of Senator McCarthy resort to petitions is hardly reason for repudiating a right guaranteed to the American people by the Bill of Rights and employed by them since the beginning of the Republic—and even less for erecting this repudiation into a high philosophical principle.

The American republic is the oldest on earth in large part because of the variety and flexibility of its political system. To impoverish this system by seeking to outlaw practices which seemed wholly admirable to such vigorous constitutionalists as James Madison, John Quincy Adams, and Woodrow Wilson is hardly likely to be, as Mr. Viereck contends, a step toward liberty. Indeed, Mr. Viereck's program would constitute a long stride toward rigidity; and it is rigidity in government, and not resilience, which is most likely to facilitate the revolution that Mr. Viereck seeks to avoid. But Mr. Viereck is a good historian when he is not too busy trying to be a New Conservative. I am sure that when he ponders these matters he will agree that there is nothing more explosive than a system without safety valves.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editor: Your publication of Peter Viereck's article marked a small but significant milestone for future writers in American intellectual and cultural history. You will note that I am speaking of the publication of the article and not of the article itself, in which Mr. Viereck merely restated in a brief, nervous, and amusing fashion what he and some others have been saying for some time about the essentially democratic character of all totalitarian movements of our age. What is so astonishing is how remarkably impervious our liberal reviews, journals, and intellectual spokesmen have hitherto proved to the cogent arguments that Mr. Viereck has rephrased for your magazine.

In this modern world there remain only two truly human camps: those of the principled and those of the unprincipled. It remains to the liberals to prove that the commendable intellectual sensitivity that propels them to argument when their own civil liberties are being impaired will show itself also when it comes to hearing the critique of some of their own antiquated presuppositions.

J. A. LUKACS
Philadelphia

To the Editor: When one eliminates the dialectic (fortified as it is by numerous errors of fact) from Viereck's argument, one is left to reach the obvious conclusion that the author's announced dissatisfaction with the Man from Wisconsin is neither fundamental nor very deep-seated—merely the contempt which the conscious aristocrat feels for the ill-bred, boorish fellow who in conversations appears always to be in the midst of a poorly suppressed burp.

WILLIAM M. ARMSTRONG
Charleston, Illinois

To the Editor: Peter Viereck's article rang bells with me. For some time it's seemed to me that Joe has been behaving like a boy from the wrong side of the tracks who hates people with cultured accents. Which makes him all the more dangerous. Indeed, I wonder if a large part of the dinosaur wing of the Republican Party may not be Populists turned sour as much as real conservatives. I'll put my money on that genuine and civilized conservative, Adlai Stevenson.

CHAD WALSH
Beloit, Wisconsin

To the Editor: I notice that in a recent Historical Society meeting Viereck states, "McCarthy is the type of left-wing anarchist agitator" and the "mostly radically and instinctively leftist dynamite in American history since the I.W.W." If this is true, then a lot of people, including the most reactionary figures in American politics today, are being completely fooled. What is every fascist group in America doing backing McCarthy? And Colonel McCormick, and the Texas oil millionaires, and military nincompoops, and very rightist Senators? McCarthy is evidently pulling the wool over everyone's eyes, including his own, except, of course, that astute mind reader Viereck.

Viereck's comments on "transtolerance" are nonsense, as anyone who has followed the simultaneous rise, say in Boston, of McCarthyism and anti-Semitism, and among the same people.

PHILLIP SIEKEVITZ
New York City

To the Editor: The perverison of democracy by Caesaristic demagogues of the McCarthy stripe has made it possible time and again for the Burkes and de Maistres of history to pose as defenders of human freedom. Peter Viereck, well known as a talented spokesman for Bourbonism in our day, makes skillful use of this opportunity to uproot the sacred cause of individual liberty from its democratic foundations and to appropriate it for the interests of social aristocracy and economic reaction.

FREDERIC S. BURIN
New York City

To the Editor: Mr. Viereck's article, like anything true and discerning said about our country today, scared the hell out of me.

"Eggheads" prate everyday about the anti-intellectualism of their country, yet this particular one had not seen that by fighting McCarthy *as a Republican* (ridiculous!), by keeping alive the myth of party identification, by forgetting that *égalité* is not synonymous with *liberté*, we become divided on the central issue, we become easier marks as scapegoats for the triumph of mediocrity. Our main concern (I know *now*) is to prevent the Jacksonian potential of our government from destroying all that is really worth living for: individualism, education, the arts; and I'm willing to be called "an aristocrat lover" to be on the side of sense.

BARRY B. SPACKS
Bloomington, Indiana

To the Editor: Mr. Viereck equates popular sovereignty and social equality with mob rule. By implication, he lumps traditional lawful forms of government and political action with the lawless antics of hate-maddened rioters. Consequently, he ignores a basic distinction between the fathers of the American liberal tradition (Tom Paine, the Populists, the Rooseveltian and Wilsonian Progressives) and common gangsters. This distinction, quite simply, is a respect for the rule of law. Respect for the rule of law is not liberal or conservative. It is the root of our political way of life.

RICHARD M. JUDD
Marlboro, Vermont

PRINCE BUU HOI

To the Editor: In one sentence Peggy Durdin ("There Is No Truce in Vietnam," *The Reporter*, December 30, 1954) disposes of one of the most outstanding Asians of our time and certainly one of the foremost Vietnamese. I refer to Prince Buu Hoi, whom she dismisses as "another Bao Dai relation, a young scientist who has also spent most of his life in France, has little following in Vietnam, is politically naïve, and is well known for expensive personal tastes and embarrassing entanglements."

During the four weeks I spent in close contact with Dr. Buu Hoi last fall I gained more respect and admiration for this man than for any I have known. Far from having expensive tastes, let me tell you that he lives a most simple life. He has, or had at that time, one suit, one tie, one pair of shoes, and one shirt which he himself washed each evening. He earns quite a good sum by means of his remarkable knowledge but keeps little for himself. most of it going to better the lot of his fellow man.

True, he has acquired most of his knowledge in France, but that surely is not to be held against him, or how can we offer America as a training ground? Ho, Mao, and Chou were all foreign-trained but are no less aceptable to their own people because of it. Buu Hoi has dedicated himself to science. He feels that if he can find a cure for cancer he will benefit the world, and if he can relieve the suffering of the miserable millions in Asia afflicted with leprosy he will have done more than 10,000 Ho Chi Minhs.

HERBERT L. J. PARTRIDGE
New York

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

RECENTLY Mr. Rowland Hughes, Director of the Bureau of the Budget, instructed government agencies to survey their industrial and commercial activities with the aim of limiting them in fields where private initiative operates. In editing our story on "The Private Eyes" we thought of Mr. Hughes and wondered whether he would be inclined to leave police work to private initiative. The fact is that a private police is now a tentacular arm of private government.

We have private government whenever and wherever a concentration of power—individual or corporate—bears on our lives unchecked by constituted government. Such was the case with the vigilantes in our frontier period as it was later when private armies were employed by industry against labor. In our own times the extent of the areas in which government intervenes has tended to eliminate the massive organization of private police. Yet private detective agencies are at an all-time high of prosperity. In many cases, particularly those involving commercial credit or employee reliability, they render justifiable service. It must also be added that they have been democratized: Anybody can employ a private detective who has the money to hire one. This has opened brand-new areas to human ingenuity —and to abuse. Here the new electronic gadgets come in handy.

For several months **William S. Fairfield** and **Charles Clift** have been investigating the investigators. Their story is part of a continuing coverage in which *The Reporter* has specialized: the exploration of facts that are vitally important even though they are not in the news. We write such stories "straight," as we say in our trade, with a minimum of comment. The facts must be brought out into the light before any moralizing is useful. The Messrs. Fairfield and Clift are old hands in the art of collecting generally overlooked facts. They will be remembered as the authors of our series on "The Wiretappers," which won the 1953 George Polk award. Mr. Clift is a member of *The Reporter* staff. Mr. Fairfield, a frequent contributor, is preparing his book, *Who's Watching You?*, for fall publication.

ARE GROUND FORCES obsolete, as those who put their trust in air power and nuclear weapons come very close to saying? Our National Correspondent, **Theodore H. White,** has talked with a man who is highly qualified to supply a reasoned answer, for Major General James M. Gavin has thought deeply and constructively about the role the Army should play in the atomic age.

André Fontaine is a French journalist on the staff of the Paris newspaper *Le Monde.* He sees Premier Mendès-France in perspective, as the representative of a long French tradition rather than a magician emerging suddenly on the French and world scene with a bag of tricks. Probably Mendès-France will not remain in power long, but in any case he will have a great role to play.

Lieutenant Colonel Nasser of Egypt cannot exactly be called a democrat, and yet it would be plainly idiotic not to admit that he has rendered great service to his country. He liquidated a parody of democracy and set himself the task of creating a condition of things out of which in time a true democracy may spring. **Claire Sterling,** *Reporter* staff writer stationed in Rome, has recently been traveling throughout the Mediterranean area.

THE HON. **Edwin Samuel,** C.M.G., is a son of the Viscount Samuel who was the first British High Commissioner to Palestine from 1920 to 1925. Mr. Samuel himself has served in Palestine for many years. His story is particularly refreshing in that he has no political ax to grind and sees in both Jews and Arabs only human beings he has long known and loved.

Frances Frenaye is well known for her translations from Italian and French.

Our cover showing private eyes at work is by **Tack Shigaki.**

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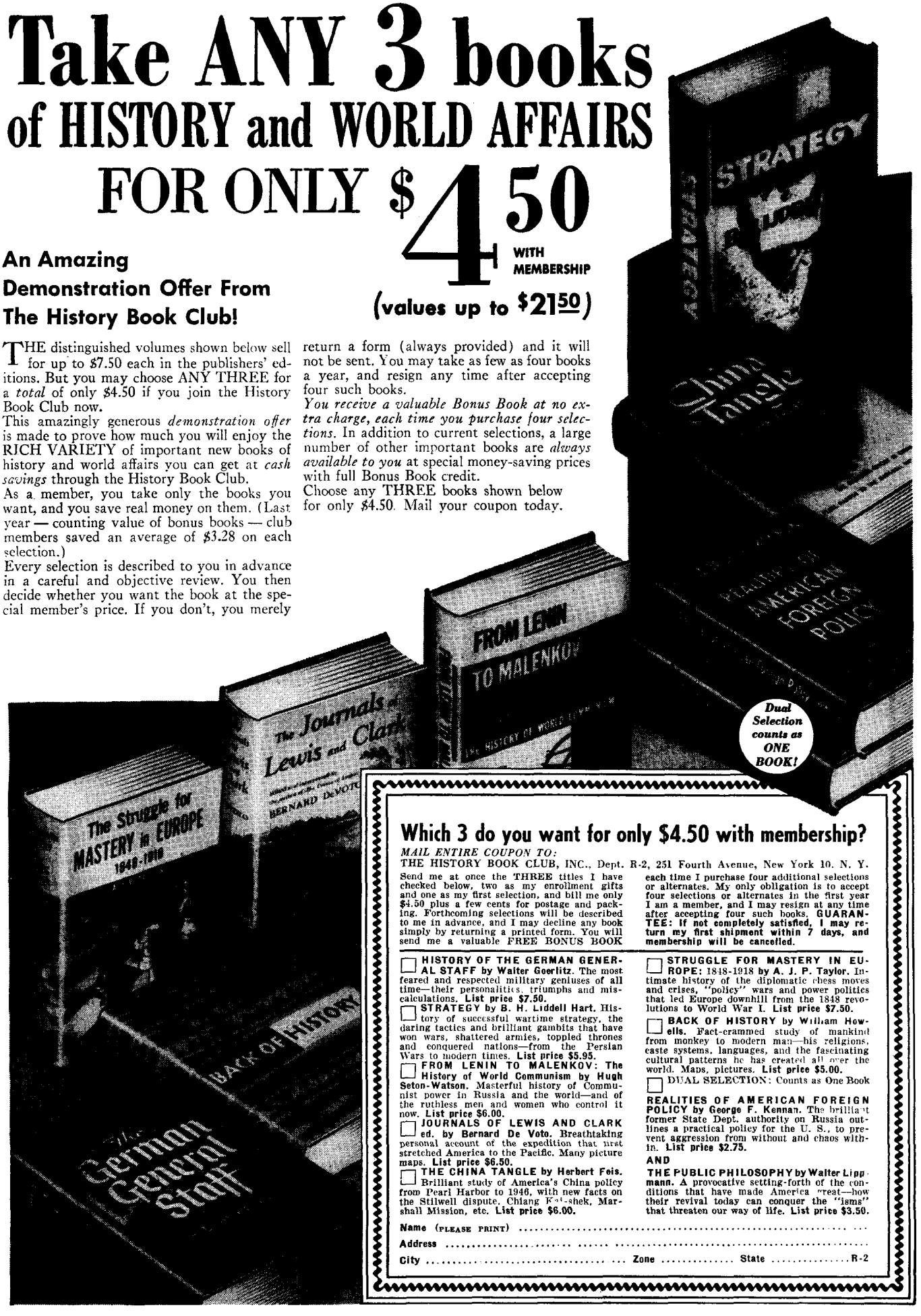
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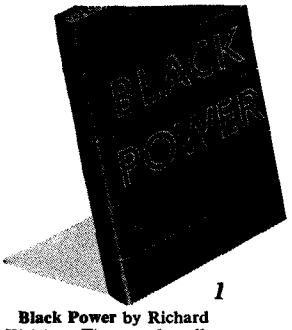

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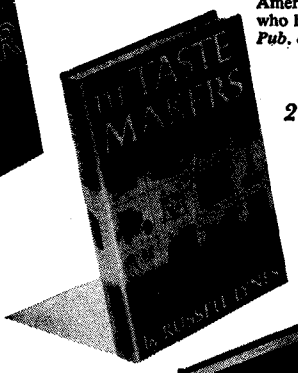

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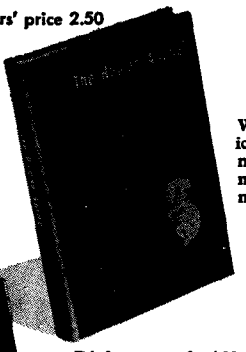

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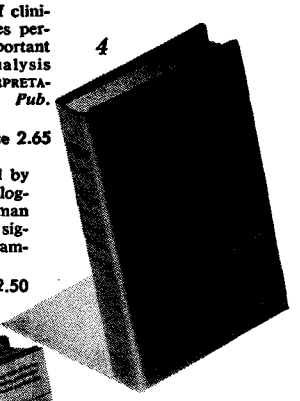

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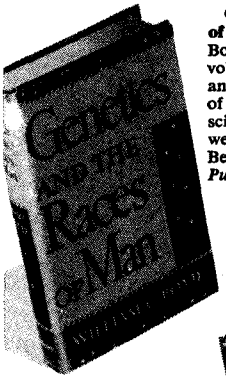

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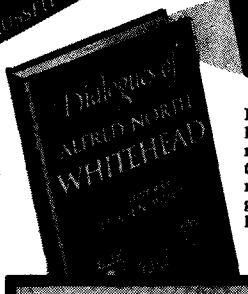

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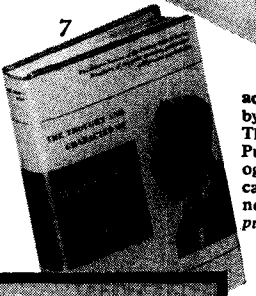

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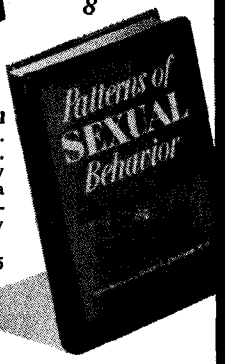

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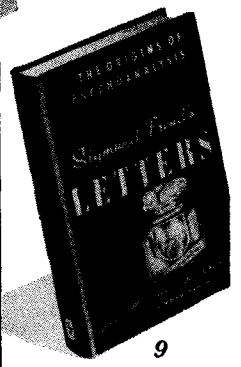

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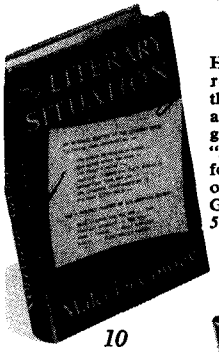

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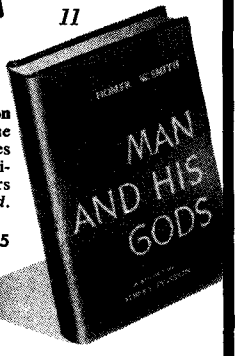

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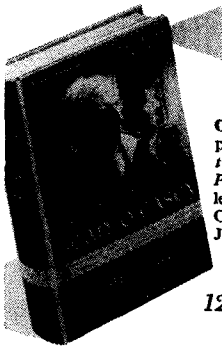

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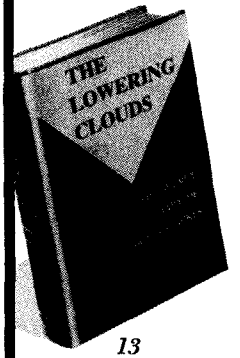

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What Price Peace?

"THERE IS no longer any alternative to peace." "War would present to us only the alternative in degrees of destruction. There could be no truly successful outcome." In these last few months the President has been harping on this theme in impromptu talks, in press conferences, in formal addresses—literally every time he had a chance to say what was weighing most heavily on his mind. General Eisenhower is no recent convert to belief in peace. But lately his knowledge of what nuclear destruction entails, compounded by his unique experience as a practitioner of war, has so haunted him as to make him sound at times like a peacemonger.

With his message to Congress on the Formosan situation, the President has started moving from the generic to the specific, from the formulation of his strategic aim to the listing of the tactical measures to be taken if the aim is to be reached.

That there is no alternative to peace in our days is an absolute truth. But unilateral acknowledgment of this truth can result in a disaster as horrible as its verification. Now more than ever, it takes two to establish peace: the democracies and the Communists. And the price must be paid by both sides. The President, with his message, has made his opening bid. It is a momentous event, for it implies the abandonment of old taboos and a new system of relationships with Communism. It may also imply the breakup of the Republican Party.

The President's Dilemma

The occasion for the President's message arose from imminent danger in an area that since the end of the war has been the soft underbelly of the democracies. To face Communism in Asia we have a frail facsimile of NATO, doubtful or weak allies, and a dismal record of non-containment. Of all the soft spots in Asia the softest is Formosa.

The difficulties the President has to face inside his own Administration and party in trying to stop Communism are at least as great as those that are set in his path by neutral or unreliable Asian governments. Indeed, it is the strange allegiance of some of the Republican Congressional leaders to the weakest and most synthetic of all these governments that has made them resigned, if not eager, harbingers of preventive war. Nor are Congressional leaders the only victims of this pro-Chiang infatuation. The record of Admiral Radford is well known. So are the speeches of that improbable diplomat Mr. Walter Robertson, who recently stated that Chou En-lai comes no closer to representing China than William Z. Foster does to representing America. Yet these are the men on whom the President must rely for the conduct of his Asian policy: Senator Knowland is the leader of the President's party in the Senate, Admiral Radford is his chief military adviser, and Mr. Robertson is the high-ranking expert on Asia in the State Department.

The President's dilemma was extraordinarily irksome: With the Chinese Civil War kindled anew, he could no longer delay. He had to announce his terms for the establishment of peace where peace was most endangered. Under no condition could he turn from a near peacemonger into a preventive warrior. Part of his embarrassments he can blame on himself, for they come from his 1952 decision to play the game of politics as an orthodox Republican. Since then, however, he must have learned enough about politics and statesmanship to realize that the best a leader can do, when surrounded by men he cannot shake off, is to use their ambitions and prejudices for his own purposes.

What the President had in mind had become known several days before he sent his message to Congress: It was a cease-fire. That could only lead to the neutralization of Formosa. Only then would the Allied and neutral powers stand by us; only then could the line be drawn behind which we would not fall back. The Presi-

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dent of course knew that the opposition to neutralizing Formosa would be equally vigorous in Peking, in Taipei, and on the Republican side of Capitol Hill.

This is probably one of the reasons why he announced his new Asian policy in a message to Congress. He knew he could count on Democratic assistance, and indeed it is doubtful whether he would ever have advanced his cease-fire proposal at the end of his message were it not for the fact that Congress now has a Democratic majority. The idea of a cease-fire to be reached through the U.N. is of Democratic origin, and is still considered by many Republicans either as an inconsequential pious fraud or shameful appeasement.

General Eisenhower has started a movement on two fronts. Through the U.N. he seeks to initiate a process of negotiation that may ultimately make Formosa's independence an international and not an exclusive U.S. responsibility. At the same time, he envisages broader military action for the defense of Formosa and the Pescadores, and announces that "unhappily," to prevent Communist attack against Formosa and the Pescadores, we may be compelled "to take into account closely related localities and actions"—which probably means that some of the offshore islands may be defended, and that preventive bombing of the mainland of China may be ordered. It is even more probable that the mention of "related localities"—Quemoy and Matsu—was made for bargaining purposes on the theory, as a high government official put it, that "You have got to have a little something when you negotiate with Orientals."

The President's message was designed to elicit the co-operation of the U.N., of the Democrats, and of the Knowland Republicans. These last have their own particular reasons to be elated: The President, contrary to what has been stated by some of his critics in the Senate, has not now joined the preventive warriors, but he has made a tentative, preventive declaration of war against the only enemy Chiang's friends are spoiling to have the United States engaged with in battle.

Will Red China comply and through aggression or overt preparation to attack make itself responsible for war? Will war then remain limited to the defense of Formosa? Will it be fought with conventional or unconventional weapons? The China Lobbyists are far from being in agreement on these points, and indeed the Chinese Nationalists are much less sanguine than their American friends. One thing, however, is certain: By raising all these questions, hopes, and fears, the President has paid a very heavy penalty to maintain for a while longer a semblance of party unity.

The Die Is Cast

The President is taking an extremely serious gamble that has probably been made unnecessarily risky by past hesitancies. Since he came to the White House General Eisenhower has used his power so sparingly that now he needs a vote of Congress to act as President of the United States.

But this is the time when, rather than criticize the President for what he failed to do in the past, we should make every effort to understand why he has acted as he has, and to remove as many as possible of the obstacles that stand in his way. Sir Anthony Eden has already started doing this by proving that interallied solidarity has not been broken in one of the areas where it was most endangered. The Democrats in Congress have acted with an equal sense of responsibility—particularly those among them who elicited from the President the declaration that he alone has the authority to take "any decision to use United States forces other than in immediate self defense or in direct defense of Formosa and the Pescadores."

The Allies, as well as patriotic Americans of all parties, have clearly understood that something even more important than the defense of Formosa is at stake. To break the Formosan tangle we need the U.N.; if a political alternative to war is to be found, there is no by-passing the U.N.

In the near future the U.N. action which the President has invoked can build up enough pressure to make imperative the gentle liquidation of Chiang Kai-shek and the establishment of true self-government for the Formosans under U.N. trusteeship. The course on which the President has recently entered, risky as it is, can turn out to be a healthy and successful one if the U.N. and interallied action develops vigorously and acquires ever-increasing momentum so that Asia and the whole world may be given a greater measure of peace.

To reach this aim it is imperative that some degree of understanding and co-operation with Soviet Russia be established, for the United States and Soviet Russia would be the protagonists and also the major victims of a generalized nuclear war. At present only these two countries have influence enough to stop the civil war which has ravaged China for over thirty years.

When the action at the U.N. starts paying dividends, when the very nearness of war makes it compellingly clear to both sides that there is no alternative to peace and that binding multilateral agreements for the reduction of armaments are imperative—then the gamble that the President has taken will start paying off. The greater his success, the more likely he is to acquire the freedom of action he needs to shed his most troublesome aides.

THE PRESIDENT must be praised for having taken this gamble. The Chief Executive of the United States cannot reduce himself to playing the role of inspirational leader. But he will have to be extremely skillful, firm, at times even ruthless. For the indecisive, the hesitant, is at the same time the most reckless among gamblers and the one who cannot win.

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The Private Eyes

WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD and CHARLES CLIFT

I. The Footprints We Leave

MOST OF US, feeling reasonably secure of our anonymity and accustomed to seeing our names in the newspapers only on such occasions as graduation, marriage, and the birth of children, fail to realize the vast amount of detailed personal information we have contributed to the public record over the years. To the discerning investigator, however, these thousands of insignificant scraps are like so many scattered pieces of a mosaic, which can be fitted together to delineate our entire lives.

We forget that as ordinary a document as a marriage license, which is available for public inspection, includes our name, address at the time of the ceremony, birthplace, date of birth, race, occupation, prior marital status, names of witnesses, who are likely to be personal friends, a sample of our handwriting, and the name of the doctor who gave the blood test and is likely to have our medical history in his files.

We forget that in addition to whatever information there may be about us in the clipping libraries of local newspapers, we have left behind us an elaborate trail of birth certificates, school transcripts, and job applications; that local police courts have reports of any arrests or convictions; that the county clerk's office has records of judgments, incorporation proceedings, transfers of property, mortgages, inheritances, and prior and pending lawsuits; that the U.S. district court clerk has similar records of Federal litigation, bankruptcy, and naturalization proceedings; and that other governmental agencies have licensing records on the members of more than seven hundred occupations, from doctors to midwives, bootblacks, and restaurant workers. Yet all these files are in the public domain, open to anyone who can present a fairly good reason for examining them.

THE AMERICAN economy has many valid reasons for demanding the accessibility of much of the above information. With commercial pilferage and embezzlement currently running to more than $1 billion a year, the corporate official feels he must have a check on the honesty of his employees. The labor leader is equally concerned about those who handle his welfare funds. The department store must worry about people applying for charge accounts, the moneylending institution about the credit record of prospective borrowers, and the insurance company about the reliability of those seeking fire and theft policies.

To meet these needs for credit and background reports, a network of prominent investigative agencies, some of them with as many as 140 regional offices, has long existed. In recent years, however, requests for special information have strayed farther and farther from such routine matters, and a great mass of private agencies has sprung up to conduct inquiries, in greater stealth, for reasons which may be so delicate that the investigator himself, hired through an intermediary, is never informed of them. People are demanding "intelligence," and demanding that it be furnished by professionals.

As Congress each year whips up a greater investigative froth, with little interest in relating its work to legislation, it is hardly surprising that the private citizen too has developed a thirst for inside information on activities that may affect him. As the Administration becomes so immersed in security investigations that President Eisenhower was able to say recently that his Cabinet had spent more time on internal security than on any other problem, it is equally natural that the private citizen should develop a strong sense of his own business and personal security requirements. The American community, from giant corporations and labor unions down to the man next door, has simply translated the government's cold-war suspicions into a corresponding set of private suspicions. And a unique form of free enterprise, the private-detective business, has sallied forth to satisfy the new public demand.

The Sleuth Boom

Relying on basic techniques that parallel those of government investigators, employing many of the same electronic detection devices so valued by Federal agents, and occasionally even trading information with their government counterparts, the members of this newly prominent profession are today collecting information in every corner of American life, for purposes both legitimate and malicious.

The emergence of the private-de-

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tective trade as a full-fledged industry was recently formalized by a front-page feature in the *Wall Street Journal*. The emergence has been rapid. Where there were less than ten detective agencies in New York just fifty years ago, there are now well over 450. Nationally, the field has expanded from a smattering of agencies dealing almost exclusively in credit rating or in labor espionage and guard work to a vast complex of more than five thousand agencies employing 150,000 people and taking in about $250 million a year.

The market for "intelligence" continues highly bullish. One well-known detective agency estimates that its dollar volume has more than doubled in the past four years, while two other prominent agencies each report business increasing at rates of eleven to fifteen per cent a year.

As THE private-detective industry has grown, of course, it has also become highly specialized. The more respectable branch of the family, the century-old credit-investigation business, has been subdivided many times, until it contains not only Dun & Bradstreet (dealing in commercial credit) and the 1,500-member Associated Credit Bureaus of America (dealing in consumer credit) but also dozens of more specialized agencies, such as the Credit Exchange, serving the fur and garment industry, and the Fifth Avenue Protective Association, serving the nation's major chemical companies.

Allowing for some overlap, the field of recognized private-detective agencies has undergone a parallel subdivision, and an even more intricate one. The Pinkerton and Burns agencies concentrate on plant protection, and there are other agencies like Bishop's and Proudfoot's, specializing in investigations of corporate executives and high finance; Retail Credit and Hooper-Holmes, specializing in insurance and business personnel risks; and the Willmark Service System, most of whose agents, posing as customers, handle nothing but personal checks on employee honesty and efficiency. There are specialists in every field from missing persons to auto theft to politics; and there are, of course, dozens of fringe agencies, operating out of cubbyholes, phone booths, and even hats, that deal solely in divorce cases.

For the client in search of an operative, this complexity has had one harmful effect; the old-fashioned professional investigator capable of working expertly in any field has been lost in a mob of specialists. While any mention of names would certainly result in unfairness to some, it is safe to say that not more than thirty of the five thousand detective agencies in the country can be relied upon to solve a really difficult case.

THE DEMAND for private investigators, although it has expanded immensely in the past few years, has barely managed to keep pace with the hyperthyroid growth of the industry, bloated as it has become with the postwar influx of men trained in military intelligence units and in the FBI. Since a simple twenty-four-hour shadowing assignment requires the services of three men at a total cost of at least $75 a day, prices remain

high—too high for those with limited incomes. As a result, the private detective who makes as much as $8,000 a year is still likely to be envied by his colleagues. It is a booming business, but still an unrewarding one for most of its practitioners.

Considering both the pay scale and the prospect of highly irregular hours, it is not surprising that the investigative industry has attracted more than its share of misfits. It is peppered with misanthropes and backslappers, with tight-lipped cynics and blatant publicity seekers, with men fascinated by minute details and men as thrilled by the climactic matrimonial raid as a big-game hunter is thrilled at the moment of the kill.

Contrary to popular opinion, the chief source of income for the new industry is not marital infidelity, or even the more general field of domestic relations, but the world of commerce. Omitting both uniformed guard services and routine insurance and credit checks, it can still be stated that about sixty per cent of the cases handled by private detectives today are commercial. Perhaps twenty-five per cent involve domestic problems and another five per cent criminal-defense cases; the remaining ten per cent are mostly in the area of politics and private security investigations.

While the real professional will accept almost any assignment in any of these fields, he must obviously depend primarily on his corporate clients, who have both the financial resources and the ability to write off his services as a business expense.

An Aging Dick Tracy

Detective Harold Bretnall, a squat, waddling professional, who is elusive even to his own friends in New York City, has more than thirty such clients, including American Bank Note, Bendix Aviation, General Motors, Pabst Brewing Company, American Chicle, and Standard Oil.

Bretnall, whose square jaw and craglike nose remind one of an overstuffed, aging Dick Tracy, and who gives out information as if he were the feline participant in a conversational cat-and-mouse game, has only dabbled in the field of background reports on prospective customers, employees, and executives, but he is well versed in virtually every other phase of commercial investigations.

For the American Canners Association, Bretnall once saved $10,000 in a personal-injury suit simply by proving that a woman who claimed her rash was the result of eating ketchup from an H. J. Heinz bottle containing a dead mouse had actually had the same rash fifteen years earlier, at which time her doctor, since deceased, had diagnosed it as an allergy to halibut. Her former husband and her daughter, both eventually tracked down by Bretnall, signed affidavits to that effect.

For American Bank Note, which prints stamps and paper money for many foreign countries, Bretnall once traced two missing sheets of El Salvador stamps through a whole series of stamp dealers, locating at

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one end the stamps and at the other the employee who had stolen them, thus saving the company from an incident that might have cost it several major accounts.

For Pabst, Bretnall managed to curtail unfair trade practices of an indirect competitor, a wine company, by obtaining affidavits from dozens of tavern owners who stated that the wine salesmen had led them to believe that their product and the beer were both made by the same company.

For Bendix Aviation, which at one time suspected another aircraft company of employing certain practices designed to make Bendix stock appear shaky on the New York Stock Exchange, Bretnall worked through impeccable contacts to obtain a complete list of the stockbrokers for the rival company, a list that a nationally known detective agency had been trying unsuccessfully to get for three months.

IF THESE four cases seem to lack drama, they are also typical. Commercial work, varied as it is, implies more plodding work than brilliant deduction and cloak-and-dagger bravado.

The twenty-five per cent of the private-detective business that involves domestic problems is equally varied. Although the largest single phase of this work is in divorce actions, agents are also often hired to check on kept women and on wives whose suspicious husbands simply want to know what is being said about them or spent behind their backs. Private detectives are hired in a number of blackmail attempts and in will disputes such as the current struggle over the Montgomery Ward Thorne estate. And they are hired to locate people who have disappeared—by relatives in cases where the local police have lost interest, by lawyers in cases where the person missing is the unknowing beneficiary of a will.

The offspring of the wealthy also figure prominently in domestic investigations. Private detectives are called upon in many "snatch cases," which is the trade name for surreptitious transfer of a child from one parent to another. They are asked to conduct background investigations of prospective sons- and daughters-in-law. One recent engagement was broken off because the suitor, who claimed to be a doctor, actually turned out to be a hospital orderly; another because the bride-to-be was identified in the report as being of Jewish descent.

Where money is plentiful, in fact, no domestic assignment is apparently too bizarre. Henry Ford, who was fond of hand-picking the friends of his son Edsel, once hired an agent merely to check on Edsel's social activities—at a fee the elder Ford was quite willing to pay after being informed that Edsel was secretly consorting with the son of a Detroit family that Ford despised for its inherited affluence.

Commercial Commy Catchers

While most of the recent expansion of the private-detective industry is the result of increased demand for services long available, the postwar era has added one significant new field of activity—that of private security investigations. With defense contractors made responsible for clearing their own workers for access to "Confidential" information and with Senator McCarthy charging that Communists are still active in such companies as General Electric, Westinghouse, Bethlehem Steel, and Allis-Chalmers, many corporate executives are convinced that the employment of private security investigators provides excellent insurance, not only against subversion but also against burdensome Congressional hearings and perhaps against the even more burdensome loss of defense contracts. Alfred Touhy, a former FBI agent who is chief of investigations for Republic Aviation, certainly did his firm no harm when he was able to announce recently that he had fired 250 workers within a year for security reasons, even though he was forced to add that "only fifteen of them [were] known Communists." Again, it is government pressure that has forced private industry into such attitudes.

Although the bulk of private security investigations has fallen to such esteemed agencies as Dun & Bradstreet and Retail Credit, which did similar personnel background reports for the Army and Navy during the war, the entire makeshift system still poses some serious questions. The government program at least grants appeals from negative security rulings, even for those private industrial employees it has denied "Secret" or "Top Secret" clearance, but there is no appeal from a corporate decision. The job applicant is turned down or the employee fired without, in most cases, ever knowing the charges against him.

The investigation of his case, in fact, may never have been completed. George F. Keefe, chief of Dun & Bradstreet's investigative staff—which includes two thousand full-time "reporters" and twenty thousand part-time "correspondents"—points out that "As soon as the question of loyalty develops in a case, we cease our own investigation immediately and turn our information over to the FBI, then getting the FBI's permission to notify our client of the circumstances." The average employer reacts to such notification promptly and decisively: The worker is fired, and solely on the basis of what may be malicious rumor.

THERE is also a tendency on the part of private loyalty investigators to set their standards for clearance even higher than those adopted by the government in 1947 and twice tightened up since then. Their job, they reason, is to prevent any future finding of subversion by Federal or Congressional agents, and this can best be accomplished by submitting an adverse loyalty report on anyone about whom there is the slightest suspicion, no matter how unsubstantial.

Dun & Bradstreet, which now maintains at least two full-time security agents in every major city and which handles such accounts as General Electric, appears to have followed this practice. In one Personnel Security Report, the company rated a job applicant "Unfavorable" in a two-page background report which noted only that three sources claimed the applicant had expressed ideas of a "definite subversive tendency," had possessed "a subversive turn of mind," and had distributed "pamphlets and leaflets . . . of a subversive nature." There the investigator's report ended, without any attempt to define what the three sources, who were controverted by other references, meant by the word "subversive."

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The Retail Credit Company of Atlanta, whose security clients include two major aircraft companies, has indicated similar standards for its Security Personnel Selection Reports. An official of the company has stated that Retail Credit "inspectors," when handling security investigations, are instructed to ask such questions as: "Any known connection with a 'peace movement' or any other organization of subversive type? . . . Is he considered a normal, loyal American? . . . unduly sympathetic to country of birth?"

Professional Ethics

Aside from cases involving disloyalty, where the credit agencies have sometimes fallen into the same pitfalls encountered by trained Federal security officers, both Dun & Bradstreet and Retail Credit have apparently been quite fair in reporting on individual reliability. As George Keefe has said, "Unless a man's failings show up in his financial record, we go no further into his personal life."

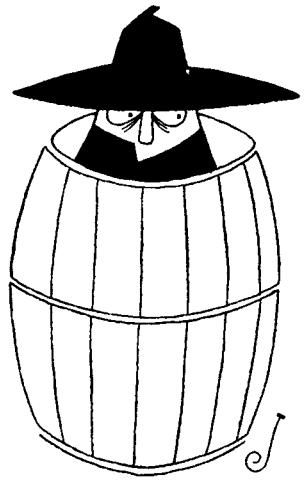
The average professional private operative, on the other hand, can hardly parade as a militant civil libertarian. Any respect he has for individual rights is constantly being undermined by the people he investigates—and sometimes by the people who hire him. Bribery and misrepresentation are often necessary expedients. And regardless of his opinions of the merits of the case as it develops, he has contracted to work for only one side and must live up to that contract.

To such a man, the Constitutional limitations on unreasonable searches and seizures tend to apply only if he is caught. No confidential investigator worth his price would hesitate to pick a lock or break down a door once he was fairly sure the evidence he needed lay on the other side.

To him the crime of perjury must also be evaluated on a sliding scale. In 1913, the C. T. Ludwig detective school of Kansas City, Missouri, in a publication entitled "The Successful Detective," gave it to the students straight: "Never try to get a witness to perjure himself, for a person telling a lie on the witness stand is subject to cross-examination by the opposing attorney, who will easily trip him up."

The attitude seems to have changed only slightly over the years. In a recent newspaper interview, a prominent agency chief was quoted as saying: "We can't afford to play around with perjury. If an operative's report is used in court testimony and later is proved false, he never can testify again. Therefore he's no good to us."

"Bleeding," which involves milking a client for unnecessary expenses, dragging out an investigation as long as possible, and "heating up" a case with fictitious reports, is also a common practice in certain segments of the private-detective industry. The fact that money rather than the solution of cases is the primary concern of some investigators is aptly illustrated by a correspondence course for detectives, one lesson of which



once frankly spoke of investigations that may go on for weeks or even months, depending upon the outcome—"or the financial position of the client."

Occasionally, of course, an astute client may see through such shams, as was the case last spring when a prominent law firm, after reading an elaborate confidential report, curtly informed the detective agency that had been retained: "If we want a detective story, we can go out and buy a magazine full of them for fifteen cents."

To the Well Too Often

The investigation of extortion attempts presents an especially difficult problem to the private detective, since he must often employ a sort of reverse blackmail to shut off requests for hush money. Two years ago, for example, a detective agency in New York's financial district had as its client a wealthy married man who was troubled by his relationship with an unattached young lady. "They had shared many endearing moments in her apartment," as the head of the agency has put it, "and she apparently thought so much of these moments that she secreted a recording machine so as to have a permanent record of them.

"Recently, she came to my client and told him how much value she placed on the recordings of these endearing moments. As a matter of fact, the value was much higher than my client seemed to believe them worth. Well, we looked into her background, found that she had shared endearing moments with many other men in New York, and also that her father, a preacher over in New Jersey, knew nothing of such amours. Her father being a very strict man, she was glad to contribute her silence in return for ours."

THE SAME investigator also remembers using a similar ploy some years ago when a client of his had a case pending before the late New York Circuit Judge Martin T. Manton, who was later sentenced to two years in prison for accepting bribes in another case. After an intermediary had approached the investigator with an offer to fix the case for $75,000, a meeting was arranged in a New York hotel room between Manton, the intermediary, and the investigator—a meeting at which the judge made his assurance explicit, adding, "While I'm sitting on the bench, I have my right hand and my left hand." All this was duly transcribed on a tape recorder the investigator had had the foresight to install earlier. Upon hearing a playback of the recording, Judge Manton quickly decided in favor of the investigator's client. The $75,000 never changed hands.

"Of course, our case was entirely meritorious," the investigator hastens to explain. In the words of a more respected private detective, however, it isn't quite that simple. "Some of these people go to the well once too often," he says. "Then they're in the blackmail racket themselves."

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II. Who Gets Watched —And Why and How

UNLIKE his television counterpart, the professional private detective, after accepting the down payment for a new undercover assignment, does not strap on his .45, toss down three fingers of whiskey neat, and set out down a dark alley to get himself slugged from behind. Instead, he merely picks up the telephone and calls his contact in the credit-rating business. The credit agencies, he knows, have almost certainly done the groundwork for him, no matter what the subject under investigation. Their background reports, gleaned from all available public records, may not be as exhaustive as he could wish, but they are at least a valuable beginning. What is lacking is frequently compensated for by financial details such as bank balances, which the detective might find difficult to obtain but which the credit agency receives from its banker-clients as a matter of course.

Dun & Bradstreet boasts of precise records on three million present and twenty million former businesses. The Retail Credit Company claims to have dossiers on more than twenty-three million individuals. The Credit Bureau of Greater New York has complete files on five million names, and has access to other files on a total of sixty million names, or one-half the adult population, through its membership in the Associated Credit Bureaus of America. Smaller agencies like Proudfoot's in New York claim to have files on eight million persons. It is hardly surprising that the private detective ranks a contact in the credit-rating business as his most essential source of information.

THE IMPORTANCE of the credit agency may be illustrated by a recent gesture on the part of a flamboyant Wall Street private detective, John G. "Steve" Broady. Broady has spoken casually of paying "five or six hundred" a month, through business contacts, to Retail Credit for its reports. Never a man to spend money for nothing, Broady was apparently still dissatisfied enough to pay a call on Rudolph M. Severa, secretary of the Credit Bureau of Greater New York. "Broady bustled in here," Severa recalls, "and offered to lend us all the fancy electronic equipment we needed, and even set it up for us, if we'd just give him access to our files. I turned him down. I know he probably gets most of the information anyway, through one of our twelve hundred member stores, but then even they get only summaries, not the complete files."

You Got to Have Contacts

"Contacts"—not only in the credit agencies but in dozens of other private and official organizations—are even more vital to the private detective than to the advertising account executive. In the face of the current unprecedented demand for private "intelligence," all segments of the trade find it expedient to co-operate with one another. "If you don't have connections in this business," says a Washington investigator, the forthright John Leon, "you're dead."

Through inside contacts, the private detective can get copies of Western Union messages, unlisted telephone numbers, telephone toll-call records, and hotel registration cards. He can obtain Treasury Department tax figures, Social Security lifetime employment records, completed Civil Service job-application forms, and the detailed Pentagon dossiers on some twenty million present and former military personnel.

"In every useful agency," says the dour Harold Bretnall, "I have at least two contact men if I can get them. I don't let one know I have the other, of course. That way I can cross-check doubtful information. Also, if one dies, quits, or goes on vacation, I've still got the other."

Contacts in official law-enforcement agencies can be equally helpful, although in this field reciprocal favors rather than money are the common currency. A friendly postal inspector can order a "mail cover," such as that employed some time ago against Senator McCarthy, whereby everything on the outside of the envelopes sent to a given address is laboriously traced on translucent paper, the copies then being turned over to the inspector for his own use, no questions asked. Even FBI agents sometimes rely on a private detective with special talents or underworld contacts, and are glad to repay such favors with information from their own files.

SINCE NO private detective can be expected to have personal connections in every local hotel and night club, city police officials, whose badges alone give them access to stores of guarded information, are also valuable contacts. "You can't work in this business without de luxe police co-operation," one private detective asserts, adding the warning: "Never turn in a copper, no matter how crooked he is. It reflects on the entire force. If you do it, you're cooked as a private detective."

On the Federal level, Senators and Representatives sometimes act as informational middlemen, their power over government appropriations serving, like the policeman's badge, to open otherwise locked files. One Washington private detective, who must remain unnamed, has told of being hired by a State Department official he later discovered had a bad security background. The investigator sent this information to "a girl in McCarthy's office." Asked why he had not gone to the FBI instead, he

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replied only that he "might want a favor some day." The incident occurred at about the time McCarthy's committee had been granted exclusive White House permission to see Treasury Department income-tax records.

SPECIALISTS like locksmiths, wire-tappers, and lie-detector operators are the final group of contacts necessary to the modern private detective. The profession has become so complex that two separate operatives in New York, both adept at obtaining unlisted numbers and long-distance toll records from the telephone company, now make comfortable livings solely from this activity, although they charge as little as ten dollars a job. The toll tickets are especially valuable, for they include not only the city called and the date, as on the regular bill, but also the number called and the exact time. The operative can thus obtain the name of every out-of-towner a man is doing business with by telephone, and he can even fan out from there by finding out whom these people in turn are calling long distance.

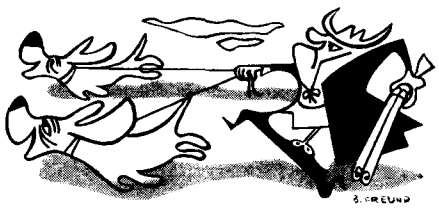
Beyond these general contacts, the private detective must cultivate several other sources of information. We are inclined to forget that local beauty and barbershops and grocery and drugstores can provide interesting answers to the casual questions of an unknown "customer." Even our homes are under constant semi-critical surveillance, by the cop on the beat, the milkman, mailman, laundryman, newsboys, delivery boys, and meter readers. Unfriendly neighbors and disgruntled servants are among the investigator's most prized sources of information. In addition, business rivals, suspicious relatives, and divorced mates are sometimes only too willing to discuss closeted skeletons in lurid detail, demanding in return merely the personal pleasure of denunciation.

Shadows, Plain and Fancy

Once all these sources have been checked out, however, the private detective is on his own, relying on bluff and ingenuity and employing tactics that vary widely from case to case.

Shadowing, of course, is one of the most common of these tactics. Refined as it has been by the use of electronic devices, the basic "tail" is still an art, and most private detectives agree that a good shadow man, nowadays, is hard to find. There are important variations on the practice. In one of these, "advance shadowing," the agent, working with a colleague, walks directly in front of the subjects under investigation, picking up parts of their conversation and pacing himself by their voices. In another, "burnt shadowing," the subjects are actually allowed to become aware of the shadow, in the hope, for example, of making them nervous witnesses in a pending legal case. In still another, "rough shadowing," the subjects are not only bullied psychologically but jostled in crowds and awakened by mysterious midnight phone calls. Reportedly, this last practice, although outlawed by the courts, was recently employed against the late author Iles Brody by a private detective agency working for wealthy friends of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, as a method of preventing the publication of Brody's gossipy book, *Gone With the Windsors.*

"Roping"—or securing the friendship of a subject under suitable pretext—is also a frequent investigative tactic, although a far more expensive one. The practice may be as simple as in the case in which Harold Bretnall wined and dined his way into the confidence of a rather unattractive secretary. Or it may be as complex as in the case, already



twice published in divergent versions, in which Raymond Schindler used an agent who so successfully roped a suspected murderer that he was soon his traveling companion, but who still had to stage a fake murder himself before the suspect would confess his own crime.

Waste Always Pays

Another investigative method, generally overlooked by the layman but considered so vital by Federal agencies that they have devised special security procedures for janitorial staffs just to prevent its use, is the collection of trash or waste paper. "Give me the trash from any office for ten days," says Bretnall, "and I'll tell you the entire nature of the business. Stenographers are always making mistakes near the ends of letters, throwing them in the wastebasket, and starting over. It's a gold mine of information. Waste always pays off."

Trash can be obtained in several ways, Bretnall points out. In residential areas, where it is often left out at night for morning pickup, it can be collected simply by renting a dump truck. In office buildings, where waste is left outside doors in burlap bags, the investigator has two choices. If he has rented an office to serve as an observation post in the same building, he can buy his own burlap bag, stuff it with paper, and substitute it nightly for the desired bag. If he has no such "plant," he may be able to make a deal with the junkman who has the trash removal contract for the building.

JUST as the professional investigator would prefer to use the bag-substitution method in the interest of secrecy, so he often learns the art of manipulating locks himself, thereby scratching the locksmith from the list of those who have dangerous knowledge of his activities.

Surreptitious entry is such an important phase of investigative work that entire books have been devoted to the subject. Sometimes, open windows can be discovered, especially high on the walls of office and apartment buildings, where tenants feel safe but where rope ladders can be dropped from the roof above to gain entrance. Sometimes the actual door key can be obtained momentarily and later copied from the impression it has left on a wet blotter. More often, however, the private detective must simply solve the lock.

In private homes, the job is generally done with a set of picks that resemble dental instruments. The method is to push one tumbler pin after another up inside the lock, just as the key crests do, until all the pins are finally in place, allowing the "plug" to turn in the lock cylinder and thus withdrawing the catch. While there are several lock-picking

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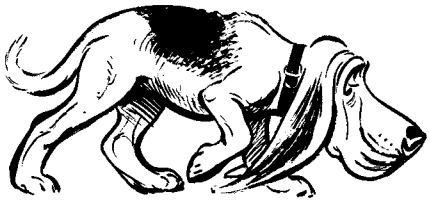
guns on the market, even in the hands of an expert they are seldom successful in lifting all pins—which may number as many as six—within a dozen tries. In the meantime, they explode like a toy machine gun, creating enough noise to arouse the most unsuspicious of neighbors. Professional investigators prefer the old-fashioned picks.

Once the detective gets inside the door, he removes the lock cylinder. He then reads off the key code numbers on the plug, replaces the cylinder, and has a locksmith make a duplicate key. Or he may prefer to



remove all pins but one, so that almost any key of the same make will open the door.

Solving locks on hotel, apartment, and office doors is a much simpler proposition. The agent can often obtain space in the same building. Each door lock in the building is likely to contain not only a special plug-pin combination for each tenant's key but also a surrounding plug whose corresponding pins are fitted for the janitor's master key and are therefore the same in all locks. The detective simply removes the lock to his own suite, copies off the master pin code numbers, and thus procures a key that will fit every lock in the building. "I've had master keys to every major hotel in New York for so long," one private investigator admits, "that the only thing I've done in the field recently was to switch labels on one key when they changed the name of the Pennsylvania to the Statler."

As has been indicated, the professional detective ranks secrecy second only to contacts in his business. Every locksmith, junkman, and hotel clerk brought into a case is one more man with enough knowledge to blow it sky high. Every person bribed to co-operate may some day decide he's also worth money to the opposition. Every person bluffed into silence by the flashing of badges, credentials, or guns may later become less impressed and start talking. "The most I've ever said," Harold Bretnall claims, "is 'I'm from Washington.' It works fine."

Covers and Corporations

Even in the few cases where a professional admits he's a private detective, he is seldom telling the true story of his mission. John Leon, while working on matrimonial cases, has often obtained damaging hotel-registration records, otherwise carefully guarded by the management, by dummying his subject's name on a canceled check, approaching the hotel openly as a private detective on a bad-check case, and asking permission to compare the check signature with that on the hotel register, giving an approximate recent date. Hotel managers, who have a special interest in bad checks, always co-operate.

When Bretnall is investigating marital problems, he sometimes procures an observation post by locating somebody who lives in a nearby apartment building and approaching this neighbor as a private detective "checking on some suspected jewel thieves across the street." The neighbor, who might be repelled by matrimonial prying, is usually glad to help in such a worthy cause.

In most cases, however, the private investigator takes great pains to hide his actual vocation. Although he scoffs at such patent disguises as false mustaches and would never go out for so much as a stroll in a trench coat and slouch hat, he does rely on all sorts of "covers," ranging from the garb of a tradesman, which may give him access to a certain location, up to the establishment of an elaborate dummy corporation, with mailing address, printed stationery, engraved business cards, and even greater refinements.

Several years ago, for example, Bretnall was called in by an American manufacturer of canned baked beans and asked to investigate the operations of a Canadian canning company. The Canadian company, Bretnall was informed, had recently switched from a red and green label to one using the same shade of brown as appeared on the American manufacturer's cans and had also included a remarkably similar pot of beans in the new design. Before claiming infringement of trade mark, the American manufacturer wanted to know whether the similarity was intentional.

Bretnall promptly set up the Long Island Food Products Company, opened a "cheesebox" office for it at 136 Liberty Street, New York City, and installed himself as director of the new company under the impeccable name of Oliver Whiteside. On suitable stationery, he wrote to all the label manufacturers in Canada asking for samples of their work. Among the material received in reply was the Canadian canner's label, which had been printed by the Reid Press, Ltd., of Hamilton, Ontario, under the personal supervision of Richard S. Allan, president of the press. A report on Allan himself, highly favorable, was acquired from the Hamilton Credit Bureau.

After exchanging friendly letters over the possibility of Reid Press printing labels for the Long Island Food Products Company, Bretnall sent "Miss Virginia Duncan, one of our secretaries," to Hamilton bearing a letter to Reid Press; she was in Canada on other company business anyway, and Mr. Whiteside would appreciate her being shown around the plant.

Bretnall, like many of his colleagues, is well aware of the fact that womanhood itself often provides a natural investigative cover. "Nobody

gets suspicious," he points out, "just because a woman starts asking questions."

"Miss Duncan," who would not be presumed to possess a detailed knowledge of her boss's business and would not, therefore, be asked too many

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questions about it, subsequently filed a report containing several valuable tidbits. "Mr. Allan said that the [Canadian canner] had always relied on the design and color scheme worked out by Reid . . . but in the case of their brown bean label they had submitted the particular colors they desired." Asked about the problem of making each brand label distinctive, Allan was reported to have said that "it was funny, but some of their customers were interested not so much in being distinctive as in seeing how close they could get to someone else's label." Bretnall's American client was well satisfied with "Miss Duncan's" report.

Staging a Raid

In matrimonial cases, where discovery of the illicit lovers often furnishes a natural climax, the raid is planned with infinite care. First, state laws are studied to find statutes covering lewdness and adultery, whereby police can be brought in to sew up the case. Then the script is worked out, with a cast that may number seven or more. There are the strong-arm men to break down the door and rip back the sheets; the cameraman, who must leap through the door in time to snap the guilty parties together in a single picture; the client and a corroborating witness to identify the erring mate; and, in some cases, a utility man for such tasks as snapping pesky chain bolts and then replacing them with exact duplicates to avoid charges of illegal entry. Finally there is the director, "the take-charge guy" as Bretnall has called him, who supervises operations, bullies away indignant protests, and makes the formal speech calling for identification by the witnesses.

ALTHOUGH THESE basic techniques of the private-detective industry combine a vast range of contacts, informants, ruses, and special talents, they obviously seem tame when compared with the activities of the "private eye" as he has been stereotyped by a host of modern fiction writers. The disparity is indeed great. As one professional private detective, admitting a personal fondness for whodunits, put it recently, "I read that stuff just to get my mind off my work."

III. Electronic Eavesdropping

AMONG a people long fascinated by gadgetry—and now coming to accept systematic snooping by private and official agencies—men skilled in the advanced techniques of electronic surveillance have found a ready market for their services. Take the case of Bernard B. Spindel, a swarthy, garrulous young electronics expert with a taste for open-necked sport shirts, who stumbled into the private-detective business almost by accident.

Shortly after the war, Spindel, a Signal Corps veteran engaged in the industrial-training-films business, was approached by a police captain in his New York neighborhood. The captain had heard that Spindel was tinkering with Army-surplus recording equipment on the side. He offered to pay $250 for a unit adapted to wiretapping. Spindel says he later learned the device was used by the captain to make sure he was getting the agreed-on percentage rake-offs from the bookies in his precinct. When this police official led to a second and third, and when Spindel found himself not only purchasing and adapting machines but also servicing them, he gave up his industrial-film activities and took out a license as a private detective.

The wiretap recorder is, of course, only one of many electronic machines that the confidential investigator, like his government counterpart, now finds extremely useful. The technological revolution may have come late to the private-detective industry, but it has arrived with a rush.

New or improved scientific devices are regularly placed on the market—and quickly adapted to the needs of detection. A dozen specialist manufacturers have sprung up since the war to satisfy these needs, among them the Tocsin Company of Washington, the J. C. Warner Company of Long Island, and the Research Products Corporation of Danbury, Connecticut. In addition, electronic specialists like Spindel have found that they can enjoy comfortable incomes by acting as subcontractors to other detective agencies.

The appliances developed to date cover an almost infinite range. One of the simplest is a magnetic lodestone, operating on a swivel, which allows the investigator to locate hidden microphones and, if necessary, every nail in the wall of a room. Another, almost as simple, permits the reading of letters without opening them, by means of a needle-thin flashlight that can be inserted in the corner flap of a sealed envelope and then run back and forth between the folded pages to read off the lines.

A more complex machine has facilitated the opening of combination-lock safes. No longer does the investigator place a glass of water on top of the safe in hopes of detecting a ripple as the lock tumblers fall into place. No longer is he obliged to file his fingertips down to raw nerve ends so that he can feel the tumblers fall. Tocsin now advertises, for "Government Agencies only," a vibration microphone and amplifier set which it claims is "very positive" on combination locks.

Tailing Made Easy

Just how thoroughly science has displaced old-fashioned detection techniques is perhaps best indicated by the latest developments in the art of shadowing, as outlined by Washington investigator John Leon. Car tailing can now be accomplished, with vastly reduced possibility of detection, by either of two nonvisual methods. In one, a special phosphorescent pill with low melting point is inserted in the exhaust pipe, the heat of the running motor later producing a trail of drops that gleam like Christmas-tree bulbs when exposed to the shadower's ultraviolet lamp. Equally efficient is the small radio transmitter, consisting of a flashlight battery and a single tube, which can

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be clamped beneath a subject's car—the shadower then following at a discreet distance, using a receiver equipped with a direction-finding antenna.

Two-way radio is another valuable instrument in shadow assignments. Spindel, who has an FCC license to operate on four low-power frequencies, recalls a case in which he had to follow the movements of a woman living in a Fifth Avenue apartment across from Central Park. "We had a problem," he says, "because we couldn't very well watch the apartment entrance from the open park across the street. Sooner or later the doorman would have gotten wise and tipped her off. So I put my wife on a park bench, with our baby in a carriage in front of her. When the woman left her apartment, my wife would bend over as if talking to the baby. Actually, there was a radio transmitter in the bottom of the buggy. She was giving directions to the two cars we had stationed off Fifth on side streets."

In another difficult shadowing assignment, Spindel was hired by a New York wholesale liquor company to tail no less than twenty of its truck drivers all at the same time, after the company had noted an unusual increase in overtime costs and had also received many complaints of late deliveries from retailers. Through contacts, Spindel learned of a new device, the Servis Recorder—a simple pendulum mechanism that records on a time chart the sideway action of a vehicle in motion. The compact recorders, which would show to the exact minute when a vehicle was standing still and when it was moving, were soon wired to the frames of all the liquor company's trucks. Removed and checked periodically, the charts proved that some trucks were parked for as long as two hours at lunchtime, while others were being used for forty-minute trips completely uncalled for in delivery schedules. Six of the worst offenders were fired with the full approval of the Teamsters Union local concerned, which had demanded positive evidence of guilt.

Big Brother's Hidden Eye

Television is perhaps the most recent addition to the set of electronic tools now in the hands of the private investigator. Although RCA's "TV Eye," the first closed-circuit system to sell for less than $1,000, was placed on the market only seventeen months ago, more than thirty private companies in the New York area alone have already installed hidden television circuits for watching their employees.

The $4,600 system at an underwear factory in Brooklyn, secretly installed some months back with the permission of union officials as the only solution to wholesale pilferage, is typical. (Its existence, originally admitted by company and union alike, is now denied by both, possibly because such spying methods embarrass all concerned.) Four concealed cameras are trained on the various segments of the production line, connected by coaxial cable to a standard home receiving set in the plant manager's office. His four-station control knob allows him to observe the precise movements of large groups of workers without their knowledge.

A Boston bank employs closed-circuit television as an added protection against theft, and a New York department store has purchased one unit, which it switches from time to time at night as abnormal shrinkages appear in certain departments. More bizarre television uses include the $40,000 ten-camera installation at the plush Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, providing a constant vigil at all gaming tables, and the one-camera circuit used by a New York textile manufacturer to observe, in secret, the initial reactions of prospective buyers visiting his display room, so that he can slip the word to his salesmen about which goods to push.

More conventional cameras are also important aids to the private detective. One New York operative has a Bush Pressman for matrimonial raids, a tiny Minox for the surreptitious photography of documents such as hotel records, and a total of three motion-picture cameras—a 16-mm. Ciné-Kodak special and two 35-mm. cameras, an Eimo and a French Arriflex.

Eugene J. Charters, a jaunty young Philadelphia operative and former FBI agent, points out that the primary use for the movie cameras is the investigation of personal-injury claims, such as he recently handled for a large Pennsylvania insurance company.

"A claim for disability compensation was filed against the firm by a man who produced a medical certificate stating he had lost his sight," Charters explains. "The man lived in a semi-rural neighborhood and stayed close to his home, so we ran into trouble trying to find him out. We finally caught up with him thanks to a motion-picture camera set up in a parked car some distance away. The camera was equipped with a telephoto lens, and we filmed the clinching sequence when he went out for a walk.

"It had just stopped raining and he walked around every puddle he approached. For good measure we caught him ducking under clotheslines and climbing over logs."

Little Bugs Have Big Ears

"Bugging," or the installation of concealed microphones, has undergone the same revolution in recent times as wiretapping [*The Reporter*, December 23, 1952, and January 6, 1953]. Twenty years ago the job could be accomplished only by obtaining space next door and drilling a hole through the wall to plant the microphone—an operation that is practical only in hotels and in a few half-filled apartment and office buildings. Today, however, any room to which entry can be briefly obtained can be "bugged" without difficulty.

The postwar development of "printed circuits," whereby complex wiring can be simply stamped with conductive paint on a wafer-thin plastic disk, and the invention of transistors, which perform the same functions as a radio vacuum tube but are often constructed in sizes smaller than a pencil eraser, have made possible minute radio transmitter sets that can be concealed almost anywhere. A battery-operated model the size of a safety matchbox, with a transmission life of at least two days, can be easily hidden in an armchair or lampstand. For more permanent installations, another model the size of a pack of cigarettes can be fitted behind an ordinary wall socket, operating off the building's electric power rather than a battery. In either case, the investigator is able to pick up conversa-

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tions from as far as two blocks away.

If neither of these bugging methods is practical, a Washington specialist points out, the "carbon button" microphone in the mouthpiece of a telephone can be utilized, even while the phone remains on the hook. The simplest way of accomplishing this, he says, is to remove the two-wire cable leading from the individual telephone to the wall connection, substituting for it a four-wire cable of the same size and type. As soon as the two additional wires are attached to the telephone mike, the room is "bugged."

Transmitting conversations picked up on the extra two wires is no problem, the detective adds. "If you don't want to install a radio transmitter behind the telephone wall socket, you can always lead your wires out through the regular phone conduits."

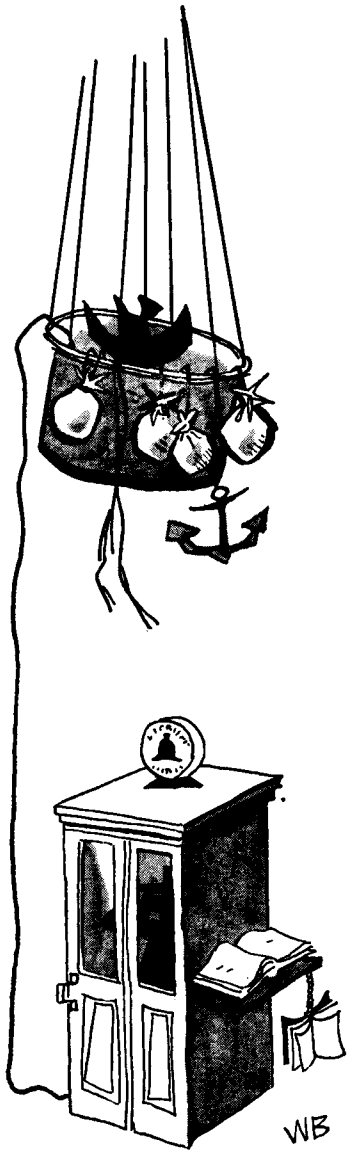
In the old days, hoodlums, fearing such bugs, would hold their business conversations in bathrooms, opening all faucets wide on the then sound theory that the "whoosh" of water covered practically all audible frequencies and thus would drown out human voices. Now, however, the private investigator can record voices right through the noise of running water by filtering out most of the interfering frequencies so that the voices can be heard over the remaining frequencies.

IN ONE of the most elaborate electronic detection assignments ever attempted, Bernard Spindel once employed a combination of bugs, wiretaps, and pocket-sized Minifone wire recorders on behalf of a Midwestern labor leader whose operations were currently under investigation by two separate official bodies.

Flying west, Spindel spent three days checking the union president's home and office for concealed listening devices. He found and removed no less than seven partially completed installations for microphones. In the next four weeks, working only at night, he ripped out all the cables at union headquarters, rewiring the entire telephone system (consisting of eighty-six lines and a total of six hundred connections) so that all lines led into one sealed terminal box, the only key to which was placed in the labor leader's hands.

Duly impressed, the union president next asked Spindel to install wiretaps and telephone bugs in the offices of a dozen union lieutenants of whose loyalty he had doubts. A week later this job was also completed, the monitoring wires all being strung to a listening post in the president's office.

The job might have ended there had not a local grand jury suddenly



decided to question all the union officers. In this emergency, Spindel was asked to stay on and do what he could to prevent any backsliding. He solved the problem by providing eight Minifone units, complete with recorders in shoulder holsters and wrist-watch microphones. As each union lieutenant was called into the private chambers of the grand jury, the apparatus was strapped to his body and turned on. As soon as he emerged, the machine was removed and the record played. The labor leader was gratified to learn that all his aides were completely loyal.

Spindel's itemized bill included $762.50 for cables, $100 for telephone-company "tips," $638 for expenses, $3,000 for the eight Minifones with all attachments, $650 for the two special recorders, $750 for the three days of tap checking, and $2,500 for installation. The total payment for these and some other little items was $9,329.

MEANWHILE, word of Spindel's abilities had spread, via some fairly unsavory labor types, to New York. On August 15, 1953, the late Tommy Lewis, back-slapping president of the AFL's Building Service Employes International Union, Local 32-E, called in Spindel to discover who was out to "get" him—and with him, control of the lucrative labor contract at the Yonkers Raceway.

With a $500 down payment and the promise of another $1,000 on completion of the job, Spindel quickly installed both bugs and wiretaps in the union conference room, Lewis's own office, and the offices of five subordinates. He also furnished Lewis with two expensive recording machines, which the labor leader took to a cabinetmaker for installation in a portable bar to be set up in Lewis's suite. At 4 P.M. on August 28, Spindel called Lewis to report that the installation was complete except for the portable bar. Lewis assured him that this had been promised for delivery soon.

"Thirty minutes after I talked to Tommy," Spindel recalls, "he was a dead man." A gunman named Edward ("Snakes") Ryan, hired by parties still unknown, had pumped three bullets into Lewis's body in the fifth-floor hallway outside the union president's Bronx apartment. "Local 32-E paid the $1,000 balance owed me," Spindel says, "but I never did get back the two recording machines. Tommy kept the name of the cabinetmaker a secret, and no one's heard from him since."

Tuning in the Men's Room

Two years ago, Spindel installed another elaborate surveillance system for the manager of an eastern air-

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craft factory. The executive, whose plant buys more than $300 million in parts every year, originally became suspicious of some of his purchasing agents after receiving a call from one potential supplier who complained that he couldn't get a single order from the purchasing department even though he knew perfectly well he was offering parts at lower prices than the factory was then paying.

Operating as a telephone-company repairman, Spindel placed wiretaps on the lines of forty-odd purchasing agents and installed three strategically placed telephone bugs. The tap and bug cables were strung to a closet in the plant manager's office, where they were fed into a bank of ten recording machines. Separate control systems were built into a bookshelf cabinet and into a desk drawer. The manager, using an inconspicuous hearing aid and a rotary selector that picked out only the busy telephone lines, could then switch in on any of the forty-odd lines and automatically record all suspicious calls by means of a ten-button control panel.

The results were impressive. Nine purchasing agents were recorded while arranging kickbacks with various suppliers. Not only was the practice stopped but the manager was able to recover more than $200,000 from the guilty suppliers by threatening to cut off all future orders.

The manager was so well satisfied, in fact, that he asked Spindel to set up a permanent electronic surveillance system—one that is still in operation. To maintain a constant watch over the activities of plant employees, Spindel has installed no less than twelve bugs—four in the men's washroom, two in the women's washroom, and six in the company dining hall. Now that the purchasing department has been cleaned up, the wiretap leads have been switched to cover the phones of all foremen and department heads. Five additional telephone bugs have been installed on the lines of the plant manager's top assistants. "That's one factory where nobody pulls wool over the boss's eyes," Spindel boasts. "The manager has found the setup very useful. He knows just which employees are acting up on the outside. He knows which junior executives are loyal to him and which are his enemies, and that way he knows who to promote and who to fire."

Look, Ma, No Evidence!

Methods of preventing electronic snooping have lagged far behind the development of the devices themselves. One leading investigator, who cannot be identified because his tactics clearly involved the obstruction of justice, can recall only one occasion on which he was able to thwart successful electronic-detection techniques employed by others. "My client, an East Coast exporter, had orally contracted to buy a bunch of parts for shipment overseas," he explains. "But when the manufacturer didn't deliver on time to meet commitments and when my client found out that the guy was actually turning over most of his production to a rival shipper, he refused to pay."

The manufacturer took the exporter to court, claiming breach of contract. In hopes of getting an immediate settlement, he then let it be known that he had made secret recordings of the oral agreement.

That was his crucial mistake. It took the investigator just three hours to build a powerful battery-operated electromagnet and to fit it into an innocent-looking leather briefcase. On the day of the trial, the exporter's lawyer simply walked into court with the briefcase and set it down next to the recording machine the opposition had placed on ominous display.

"In a fraction of a second," the investigator recalls, "the tape was completely erased—on the same principle by which the little magnet in a regular recording machine is used to erase the tape. The manufacturer's lawyer turned the machine on, and nothing happened. He fiddled with it and fiddled with it, and still got just a blank hum. They even took a recess to get new recording equipment. Finally, the judge threw the case out of court for lack of evidence. The look on that lawyer's face was worth more than the fee."

IV. Wild Cards In the Political Deck

WHILE MOST private detective agencies drone along laboriously establishing humdrum facts in commercial and legal disputes, a few have been able to establish themselves in the more interesting field of political intelligence. Many party leaders, having observed at first hand the value of government investigations, have now developed a craving for confidential reports on the opposition.

Any detective agency handling political assignments realizes that the subjects of such investigations are apt to initiate government counter-investigations, not only of snoopers but sometimes of their clients as well. For this reason and also because political intelligence frequently involves explosive public issues, this sector of the profession does not yield up its secrets readily. Most cases come to light only through inside information supplied by enemies, either political or personal.

'Trying to Make a Buck'

One case of political intelligence which it suited both the agency and the client to publicize was the imaginative use of private detectives revealed about a year ago by radio commentator Fulton Lewis, Jr.

In a series of twenty broadcasts, Lewis let his listeners in on the results of a three-month professional investigation of law violations in his home county of St. Marys, Maryland. Although Lewis insists that his inquiry was motivated solely by interest in what was going on in "my own backyard," some uncharitable people have attributed it to pique over Governor Theodore McKeldin's support of Eisenhower in 1952 and over

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McKeldin's refusal to appoint Lewis to the St. Marys County school board.

In August, 1953, working through his lawyer, Roger Robb, who since has received wider publicity as counsel to the Atomic Energy Commission board that conducted the Oppenheimer inquiry, Lewis hired a pair of eager young detectives (they are also lie-detector operators and hypnotists) who headed a Washington agency known as the American Bureau of Investigation.

The two sleuths, Lloyd Furr and Leonard Harrelson, moved into the wide-open night spots of St. Marys County and soon narrowed their investigation to a couple of cousins—one a member of the county alcohol-control board, the other a slot-machine owner who held the school-board seat once coveted by Lewis. Both of the cousins had received their appointments from Governor McKeldin.

At this point, Harrelson and Furr, posing as advance men for a New Jersey racketeer who wished to establish himself in St. Marys County, made contact with the unlucky school-board member, who in turn agreed to send his own advance man to Washington to handle preliminary negotiations.

This representative, John O. Staples, turned out to be a real find for Lewis and Lawyer Robb. Staples met with the two incognito detectives at Washington's genteel Hotel Burlington. The suite had been selected by Robb and secretly wired for sound by Harrelson and Furr. Staples's opening remarks, played back by Lewis during one of his broadcasts, came through clearly: "I'm a disbarred lawyer that can't practice no more because I done a little time in Lewisburg and I just hustle from place to place, trying to make a buck."

"Well, there he is!" Lewis trumpeted. "Jack Staples himself, representing the St. Marys County school-board appointee of Governor Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin, the 'Golden Rule' governor."

THE HIGH point of the investigation was a six-hour meeting at the Burlington on October 21, 1953, with Furr, Harrelson, and a third agent in the guise of "the big boss" from New Jersey on one side, and the two St. Marys County officials and Staples on the other.

"In order to make sure that we wouldn't give ourselves away by some tiny slip," Furr later explained, "we had briefed the telephone staff, the bellboys, the waitresses, and everybody else. Mr. Robb and investigator Martin Kite, who was acting as recording technician, were stationed with double equipment in an adjoining room. Once again we had run the microphone cord through the wall behind the sofa, and the mike itself was hidden in the sofa spring, as far forward as we could get it. We had previously had business cards printed, stationery for our 'firm of attorneys.' We bought flashy neckties with our respective initials on them, wore loud sport shirts without neckties [*sic*]. The suite was littered with New York, New Jersey, and Florida newspapers and scratch sheets . . ."

That these theatrical preparations did not arouse the suspicions of the visitors from St. Marys can only attest to their lack of sophistication. From the recordings, it is clear they did not conduct themselves with notable discretion, particularly the school-board member. In murderous syntax, which Lewis pointedly connected with his official position, the member spoke of taking some of the sales money from his slot machines "under the table" in cash.

As a result of the Lewis-Robb investigation, several indictments were handed down in St. Marys County early in 1954. The two board members were indicted for conspiracy to violate gaming and other laws. Lewis himself, in a move that was obviously retaliatory, was indicted for criminal libel. For various reasons, all the indictments have since been dropped.

Governor McKeldin seems to have weathered the incident well, if the November 2 Maryland election is any criterion. Fulton Lewis, however, has advertised his St. Marys County estate, "Placid Harbor," for sale, asking $135,000.

HOW TO GET A LICENSE

To become a professional private eye, most states require you to be licensed. The New York provisions are fairly representative. You must never have been convicted of a felony or of certain misdemeanors, such as unlawful entry, and you must have had at least three years of investigative experience either privately or for an official body. If you can satisfy these conditions and post a ten-thousand-dollar bond as a pledge of good conduct, you will receive, upon payment of a two-hundred-dollar fee, an impressive gold badge and a handsome certificate.

The Big Time

Though suggestive, the Maryland operation of Furr and Harrelson does not begin to convey the complexity of big-time assignments in the political field. For that one must turn to a man like Frank Bielaski, president of the Research & Security Corporation, with offices in mid-Manhattan.

Bielaski, who counts the Republican National Committee among his oldest clients, is a plump little man whose unhurried, judicious manner suggests nothing so much as a small-town banker in his late sixties. Actually, investigative ability seems to run in the family. Most of his brothers and sisters have demonstrated the same talents in reaching high positions of public trust. Bruce, the eldest, preceded J. Edgar Hoover as a director of the FBI and is now chief investigator for the National Board of Fire Underwriters. Alice Bielaski spent thirty years with Army Intelligence and moved over to the CIA when it was set up in 1947. A younger brother, Fred, is vice-president in charge of Mexican operations for the worldly-wise International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. Finally, another sister, Mrs. Ruth Shipley, the best known of the Bielaski family, has for many years presided over the State Department's Passport Office.

A SELF-STYLED "backsliding Republican" (he is actually a moderate conservative), Frank Brooks Bielaski gave up a Wall Street analyst's job in 1936 to become "chief investigator" for the embattled Republican National Committee. This assignment brought him into close contact with such influential party members as the Pew family of Phila-

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delphia, and led to later work for other Republican powers in Rhode Island, Indiana, Utah, and a dozen other states.

Typical of Bielaski's early days with the Republican National Committee were the confidential inquiries he and his agents made into two of the New Deal's more ambitious proposals, one to "harness the tides" at Passamaquoddy Bay, Maine, the other to build a ship canal across Florida. Both these projects were eventually called off, but not before Bielaski's research had provided Republican Congressmen with material for many happy hours of purple oratory.

As was bound to happen when Democratic officials learned the nature of his work, Bielaski was eventually involved in a harassing Senate investigation of certain duties he had performed for Republican Governor William H. Vanderbilt of Rhode Island. Bielaski claims that this investigation, which took place in 1940, so "sickened" him that he determined to return to Wall Street.

Fortunately for his future clients, at this juncture Bielaski was approached by General William O. Donovan, director of the recently created, somewhat motley Office of Strategic Services. Bielaski quickly agreed to accept a special job with the OSS, operating under the "cover" name of Frank Brooks. "The shortening of my name," he has observed, "had nothing to do with the secrecy normally surrounding OSS, but was only to protect me from Democratic bigwigs Donovan felt might gun for me because of my earlier connections with the Republican National Committee." His true identity, Bielaski says, was known in Washington only to Donovan and the OSS security officer – and to Henry Grunewald, upon whom Bielaski has bestowed an investigator's choicest bouquet: "I could always depend on 'the Dutchman' to turn up with a needed document."

The Dope on Dewey

After the war, Bielaski returned to private practice. As might be expected, he found the Presidential election year 1952 an exceptionally busy one. In the spring, he accepted an assignment in a Presidential primary battle, his duties being, as he has put it, "to prevent ballot stuffing, repeaters, etc."

Then, shortly before the Republican Convention in Chicago that summer, Bielaski was hired by Guy Gabrielson, the pro-Taft chairman of the Republican National Committee. Gabrielson, concerned over the plans of the Dewey-Eisenhower faction, told Bielaski his main job was to prevent a repetition of the gallery-packing coup pulled off by the "We Want Willkie" crowd in Philadelphia in 1940. Bielaski moved

smoothly and swiftly. Rounding up forty-two former FBI agents, his favorite employees, he transported them to Chicago and assigned them to various positions guarding the convention floor and galleries.

THE NEW YORK delegation was kept under particularly close scrutiny—all the way from Albany and Manhattan to Chicago. Considering his skill at infiltration in other cases, it seems likely that Bielaski learned of the opposition's plans well in advance—in fact, as soon after their formulation as a Research & Security undercover agent could conveniently slip out of Dewey headquarters to a telephone. Bielaski insists that Dewey's Chicago chieftain, Herbert Brownell, did not learn of his real mission until long afterward, although he does recall bumping into the present Attorney General in a hotel elevator during the Convention. "Why, Frank, what the hell are you doing out here?" Brownell is said to have exclaimed. "Just trying to keep you fellows honest," Bielaski answered brightly.

In the fall of 1952, Bielaski received his third assignment of the campaign—this one involving the Sun Oil Company of his old friend Joe Pew, the Union Oil Company of California, and a mysterious letter alleging that Richard Nixon had been the beneficiary of a $52,000 private fund raised by the oil industry. Thanks partly to Bielaski's work, a bipartisan Senate subcommittee concluded the letter was a forgery and referred it to the Department of Justice for action.

The Ingratiating Basil

Though he bridles a bit at the expression, Bielaski admits to having used "ropers" in several political cases. For many years, one of his principal agents in this specialized department was Basil Arthur Needham, whose activities on Bielaski's behalf in Rhode Island came to light during the 1940 Senate inquiry that "sickened" Bielaski.

Bielaski, surreptitiously hired by Governor Vanderbilt to check up on some of his political enemies, had sent a team of agents to Pawtucket and Providence. One posed as a *Collier's* writer making a study of local corruption; another manned a crude wiretap listening post, the discovery of which led to the Senate hearings. Needham's assignment was the most delicate—to gain the confidence of the suspected politicians.

There is no public record of what success Needham met with—Bielaski insists it was substantial—but it is clear that he tried hard. Using his connection with a New York vending-machine company as a cover, Needham gave a lavish party at the Providence Biltmore Hotel. Pretty girls circulated among the guests carrying bowls filled with nickels, which when deposited in nearby vending machines produced "Cokes" spiked heavily with rum.

This party soon led to more intimate gatherings outside Rhode Island. At one of these, in a well-wired suite of the St. Moritz in New York, two young women, identified only as Ann and Mary, joined Needham and a Pawtucket city employee whom he was trying to loosen up. Counsel for the Senate subcommittee, inquiring into the episode later, pressed the technician who had been recording the conversations from an adjoining room to disclose the ensuing conversation. The technician demurred, claiming he had monitored only part of the talk.

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"After the drinks came up," he gallantly testified, "I stopped."

Defending both Needham, who never appeared at the hearing, and the girls from any ugly imputations, Bielaski indignantly exclaimed, "They are perfectly moral young ladies. They are very good-looking."

DESPITE the constant risk of further Congressional investigations, Bielaski clearly has no intention of forsaking the field of politics. The draft of a brochure he is now preparing for limited circulation is proof enough, although he obviously cannot offer the names of clients as references.

Under the heading "Politics," the brochure lists several examples of Bielaski's recent operations, including one to "eliminate certain matters of private embarrassment for a gentleman of cabinet rank" and another to ascertain "the undisclosed and secret factors which were preventing the prompt conclusion of a national investigation which served no purpose other than the general deterioration of public confidence." The former may have concerned the Nixon letter; the latter sounds very much like a reference to the Army-McCarthy hearings.

A further item in the brochure illuminates one of the major factors that create a market for private political inquiries: "Research and Security was called on to initiate an investigation of a crusading politician who threatened to go scandal-hunting among his contemporaries. The fire was quickly set and the gentleman was reminded that persons in glass houses had best refrain from throwing rocks. The crusade died before it was born."

Finally, as evidence of Bielaski's ability to keep up with the times, the leaflet states: "The Research and Security Corporation has been able, where necessary, to penetrate and explore the Communist underground as a measure of the security which is furnished important industries." Of this achievement Bielaski has remarked: "You know, the FBI once tried to enlist this 'Commie' agent of ours, but they didn't get anywhere. For one thing, we can afford to pay our men more." His prize "Communist" agent, according to Bielaski, is now busier than ever; he has been ordered by the Communists to join the Democratic Party—a development Bielaski has reported, in sufficient detail, to a highly placed Democratic friend.

'Steve' Broady

Although many nationally prominent Republicans feel that Frank Bielaski has no investigative peers, there is still enough demand for political "intelligence" left over to occupy the time of a handful of other detective agencies. One of the boldest of these is the New York organization run by John G. "Steve" Broady, who is enough of an actor to impress even the sourest client and enough of a businessman to list his office number in the Manhattan telephone directory no less than four times (under John G. Broady, John G. Brody, Steve Broady, and Steve Brody).

While Bielaski and Broady have both worked primarily for conservative interests, the personalities of the two men and their methods of doing business could hardly be more disparate. Unlike Bielaski's quiet midtown office, Broady's suite in the financial district is a frenzy of bustling agents, suspicious glances, and whispered asides. At a knock, the locked door is thrown open by a hairy-armed little amateur weight lifter who displays a pistol prominently on his hip. After a suitable pause, the bulky Broady himself appears from an inner office, wearing his perpetual expression of surprise.

Whereas Bielaski is universally respected in the detective trade, Broady arouses quite different reactions. One long-time employee still refers to Broady as "a genius." Another curtly describes him as "a guy who couldn't find a gold watch in a plate of soup."

Broady's career in political "intelligence" began in the late 1930's, when he was hired by upstate New York Republican leaders to collect information on the O'Connell brothers, who controlled, as they do today, the powerful Democratic machine in Albany. Since then, Broady has handled a dozen investigations with strong political overtones, including two concerning elected officials in New York City and New Jersey, both financed by the wealthy Clendenin J. Ryan, Jr., a pet Broady client and a self-styled "reformer" with as yet unsatisfied political ambitions.

The Search for Mow's Millions

All Broady's earlier exploits are eclipsed, however, by an international political assignment he accepted three years ago—one involving a Chinese Nationalist general who had fled to Mexico and a plot to kidnap him for secret transportation to Formosa and a judicial accounting.

In the summer of 1951, General Pang-tsu Mow—or Peter Mow as he was known to American companions during his eight years as the Chinese Air Force's procurement officer in Washington—made public the feud he was having with his Formosan superior, and as a result was dismissed. He thereupon refused to surrender several million dollars that Chiang Kai-shek had entrusted to him at the time the mainland was lost. In hope of recovering these funds — and Mow himself — Broady was hired by Nationalist representatives to handle the less bookishly legal aspects of the case. The real principal was Dr. Liang-Chien Cha, the Vice-Minister of Justice of the Republic of China, who had arrived in the United States to supervise the Mow case.

Broady lost no time in putting the General's apartment on East Seventy-fourth Street in New York under close surveillance. Toward the end of November, he and the weight lifter even tried to serve Mow with a summons. Both were forcibly ejected. This setback, however, did not deter Broady, who later boasted that he had continued to "bug" the General's apartment from an adjoining hallway.

The next month, December, either through human or battery failure, Broady's tight surveillance net somehow frayed. Without Broady's knowl-

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edge, General Mow slipped quietly out of New York, and then in early 1952 crossed the border into Mexico. Some time later, he was joined in Mexico City by an attractive young woman described as his secretary, Agnes Kelly, a model and former night-club entertainer. The General, by then operating under the formidable incognito of Carlos Gómez Lee Wong, was soon ensconced in a handsome villa at Cuernavaca, a resort town about forty miles south of Mexico City.

MEANWHILE, Broady had enlisted the aid of Joseph Frayne, a deliberate but quick-thinking veteran of thirty-seven years' investigative service with the Justice and Treasury Departments. Frayne quickly moved the case out of the rut in which it seemed to have been resting. After several conferences with Vice-Minister of Justice Cha, Frayne assisted Broady in drawing up a comprehensive plan of action. This "Confidential Memorandum" outlined the "Manner of Attacking Problem" in the frankest of terms: Broady on his part would obtain Post Office Department co-operation in placing mail covers on various associates of Mow, including General Li Tsung-jen, the former Acting President of China. The Bureau of Internal Revenue was to make available pertinent income-tax returns as well as provide transcripts of key bank accounts. Various microphone installations were projected. Section L of the memorandum, for example, read: "See about the possibility of placing a microphone on premises of Stephen Teng, former finance officer under Mow. . . . Find out about Teng's income tax situation. We might tell Teng that if he does not tell the truth, he himself may be indicted and this might make him open up...."

The aid of the FBI in wiretapping would also be sought, to be justified by Dr. Cha's compilation of political dossiers on the Mow entourage. As the memorandum itself put it: "The stronger the picture you [Cha] can paint of communist activities among Mow's staff . . . the easier it will be for Broady to get the FBI to listen in on their telephone calls."

Broady set compensation for himself and his agents at a thousand dollars a week, plus the cost of any microphone installations. Also—and this must have been the real incentive—he was to receive a percentage of each $100,000 recovered.

CONSIDERING Frayne's short acquaintance with Dr. Cha, the detective received somewhat extraordinary credentials from the Chinese Vice-Minister of Justice. On the letterhead of the Chinese Embassy, under date of April 10, 1952, Dr. Cha certified Frayne as "a duly accredited agent employed by the Chinese National Government . . ." The

letter concluded, "Mr. Frayne is duly authorized to take any appropriate action he may deem advisable with local authorities having jurisdiction to insure the deportation of P. T. Mow."

Via long-distance telephone call to a knowledgeable friend in the Northwest, a Chinese informant who had been of previous use to Frayne in his days as a Federal agent, it was soon learned that Mow was hiding out in or near Mexico City. Before leaving to carry out his mission, Frayne devised a simple code for communication between himself and Dr. Cha or Broady, an optimistic sample of which Frayne composed as follows: "Subject (Mow), Pear (In Custody), Apple (Deportation Proceedings Commenced), Lime (Deportation Opposed by Counsel), Citrus (Deportation Authorized by Court), Quince (Chartered Plane Necessary), . . . Plum (Destination Formosa)."

'We'll Snatch Him!'

According to Frayne, when Broady heard that Mow was in Mexico, he scoffed at the idea of deportation. "To hell with it!" Frayne recalls his saying. "There are quicker and easier ways to handle such matters in Mexico. We'll snatch him!" Broady at once prepared a bold plan for the kidnaping.

Mow would be abducted from one of his favorite gambling casinos near Mexico City in the midst of an unofficial police raid and taken aboard a West Coast tuna clipper at Acapulco. Off the Philippines, the clipper would rendezvous with Nationalist gunboats and a destroyer for escort to Formosa, where the General would be accorded the opportunity of facing his accusers.

The clipper commander, a former naval officer from New Jersey, was selected and, according to Frayne, promised a $25,000 bonus upon delivery of the recalcitrant General. A ship's stores tally listed 13,700 pounds of provisions, enough to supply fourteen men for 120 days, and three cases of whiskey "for medical purposes."

At the last moment, however, the plan was thwarted by a sobering message from Formosa. According to Frayne, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, evidently more concerned than his minions about Mexican diplomatic reactions to such a highhanded move, vetoed the project.

FRAYNE insists that he had wanted no part in the kidnaping plot. Be that as it may, he did go to Mexico City for Broady in mid-April—reluctantly surrendering a .38 revolver to Mexican customs officials en route. After locating the General at 512 Xola Boulevard, Frayne, with the help of obliging members of the Mexican secret service, had taps placed on Mow's two home telephones – numbers 23-40-16 and 37-17-92, the latter a secret phone installed for Mow's private use. Listening posts were rented and six stenographers spelled one another in round-the-clock observation of the lines. Each day Frayne air-mailed transcripts of all conversations, along with his own exact data on Mow's movements, to Dr. Cha and to Broady.

Two weeks later, Frayne returned to Washington and was met at the airport by Broady. He spent the next month and a half tailing Mow's associates in Washington and trying to unravel the General's tangled finances, then withdrew from the case.

AT THE Mexican end, the kidnaping plan having been shelved, the Chinese Nationalists concentrat-

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ed on getting the General deported. On August 7, through their Ambassador, the Nationalists asked the Mexican government to arrest Mow for robbery in excess of $3 million and unlawful appropriation of state documents.

The following Saturday, August 9, while the General and Agnes Kelly were shopping at the Cuernavaca market, a band of Mexican secret-service agents, led by one Señor Pichardo, suddenly surrounded the couple and informed them they were under arrest. The General was pushed into a blue taxi, and his hands were bound behind him with adhesive tape.

'My Name Is Johnson'

That afternoon, a bulky, startled-looking American approached the General, who was being held under guard in the living room of his own villa, showed him a letter to a Swiss bank typed by Miss Kelly, and asked the present location of the money referred to in the letter.

Mow demanded to know who the man was. "My name is Johnson," the American explained. "I represent the Chinese government." He then left the room. Not satisfied, Mow later asked Pichardo to identify the American. "Oh, Johnson," Pichardo replied casually, "he's just an interpreter." The "interpreter," who had no occasion to demonstrate his linguistic abilities, has since been identified as John G. Broady.

Agnes Kelly was released several days later. Upon payment of $350 monthly rent, the General was moved to comfortable prison quarters consisting of bedroom, bath, and small living room. Regularly visited by his loyal secretary and gardening daily in the prison yard, Mow still awaits the resolution of his deportation case.

HOW MUCH of the Mow millions has been recovered remains a mystery. It would seem, however, that a sizable amount is still missing. Several weeks ago, Broady was encountered in a New York subway. "Say, Steve," he was asked, "are you still working on the Mow case?"

Broady assumed his most innocently pop-eyed expression. "Why, no," he said. Then, after an arch pause, he added, "At least, not later than yesterday."

AT HOME & ABROAD

The Atomic Battlefield: Conversation with a Soldier

THEODORE H. WHITE

MAJOR GENERAL James M. Gavin runs what they call at the Pentagon "a busy shop." It is a sunlit office, cushioned in the hush that surrounds the senior row of command above the Mall. Except that at Gavin's office, the hush breaks constantly with the coming and going of those distinctively alert young officers whose ferment of ideas keeps the Army alive. Gavin's office—he is Assistant Chief of Staff for Operations and Plans—seems always on the bubble; it is where the ferment centers.

"Slim Jim" Gavin himself, a lithe and graceful combat soldier of forty-eight, is as reluctant as any man at the Pentagon these days to talk about the Battle of the Budget—whether its cuts may hurt the Army's muscle and strength. But since he is head of the task force that General Matthew Ridgway, Chief of Staff, has assigned to the biggest overhaul job any army has undergone since the Europeans imported the idea of gunpowder from China, his work is obviously central to the great debate. Recently, therefore, I dropped in at the Pentagon for a short talk with the General.

I found him, like most ground soldiers these days, more than somewhat disturbed. In a way all the generals are hoist by the headlines that recent weapon developments have created. The new missiles of war, several capable of being nippled with atomic warheads, are passing rapidly from experimental production into tactical use. The Honest John, a long-range artillery rocket, the Corporal, a longer-range tactical missile, and the 280-mm. cannon are already firing and ranging in practice not only at Fort Sill, Fort Bragg, and other American training centers but also at our outposts in Europe. What worries the generals is that each time a new technological advance in these weapons is signaled, a fanfare of headlines informs the public that the Army is moving toward "smaller, more mobile units."

Dispersed, but Deep

Which is true, said Gavin, but when you talk of smaller, more mobile units, everyone nods—it's like being in favor of God and motherhood. Actually, as the work of remaking the Army for modern war goes on it may be that what is needed is bigger forces of smaller units—more men rather than fewer.

For the important thing is to realize that the Russian has the same atomic weapons we have; technologically and tactically he can do to us what we can do to him. And the object of any military exercise is power in the zone of battle, power at point of contact with the enemy. In the last war you figured a breakthrough of about five miles; the depth of the battlefront was, therefore, five miles. But how deep must a modern battle zone be to meet attack with atomic weapons? Say he hits you with half a dozen atomic weapons and comes through fast. The battle zone must be as deep, then, as he can travel with the fuel tanks of his armor full and rolling immediately after the blast. This is the determinant of the battle zone, for he is likely to strike just that deep.

It will take a lot of men to face off the enemy in this new kind of war. Yet not in the density of the old forms of combat, thought Gavin, for all the old forms are too vulnerable to atomic weapons. The problem is simply to find the optimum

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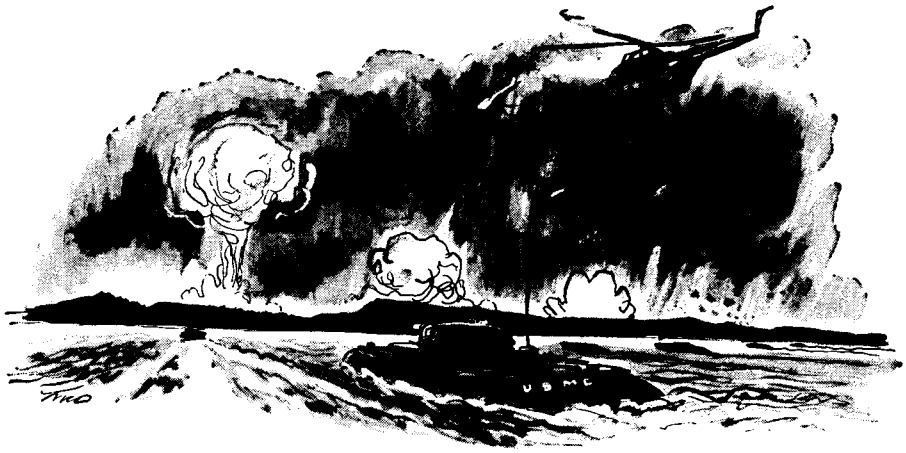

density of manpower over the optimum depth—enough to hold the enemy on the ground while he is coming in fast, enough to hold him until you organize help and reinforcement for a counterblow.

This means, then, that what we have to do now is take existing forms and repackage them completely, regroup our forms of fire and artillery, reorganize all battlefield communications, think through again our means of immediate combat intelligence.

Well, I asked, what does this do to the old division, the kind we fought with in the Second World War and the Korean War?

In the last wars, said the General, an American division was regularly relied on to hold a front of ten to fifteen miles, quite thick for the first three miles back, tapering off at a depth of five miles. Behind that, nothing but isolated spots of strength.

But now the divisional front will certainly be doubled in length—and how far back in depth it goes no one is certain. We have to think in terms of single-day breakthroughs of 75 to 125 miles in depth. Supposing the Russian throws in a mechanized army of 1,200 or 1,600 tanks; he throws three or four atomic weapons in first; he comes in on the blast; he comes dispersed. What then? Your reaction time determines your survival. He'll come without hesitation just as far as the fuel in his tanks will carry him until he is stopped by a river or by atomic demolition—or until he is contained by other men.

But, I asked, just how will all this be worked out technically? The new battlefield is all diffuse and scattered. Is it amenable to technical solution?

Never Forget Elephants

Gavin paused for a moment. Always in history, he said, the interesting thing is to see man's reaction to new forms of explosive power. Each new explosive form upsets men into thinking that its destructive power is so great that the battlefield is obsolete, that war is impossible. The Nobel Peace Prize, he pointed out, is almost a symbol. Nobel invents dynamite, of hitherto unknown blasting power; men think that war is now impossible; Nobel bases his Peace Prize on the fortune he makes out of dynamite because war is now unthinkable. Yet what use is dynamite in war today?

Or take elephants, he said. I was puzzled for a moment, but the General went on. He had been reading about elephants and how Hannibal used them against the Romans and what the Romans did. The Carthaginian soldiers looked on their elephants the way our troops looked on tanks—they even named them individually as our men name their tanks. The Carthaginians would paint the rears of their elephants a brilliant vermilion, gather cadavers from the battlefield and impale their guts and parts on the elephants' tusks. Then they would stake the elephants down, goading and prodding them for several days. Then just before battle they would unleash the elephants, which would go trumpeting and screaming into a charge on the Roman ranks. It baffled the Romans until they learned a simple thing—merely to step aside, let the elephants through, and then stick them in the belly and the soft sides.

The modern battlefield is similarly amenable to technical solution. An amateur strategist might argue that since we have as many atomic weapons as the enemy, the solution is not to try to hold him at all. Simply put a man on every high hill with a radio telephone, five men per square mile, and then wait for the enemy to come through. Your scouts simply report how he comes through and then you counterstrike with atomic weapons of your own. But that won't work because if you hold your front that thinly, the enemy can come through with the lightest forms and simply brush your men aside.

The problem is amenable to solution only with new concepts. What we are trying to do is discard the old concept of linear control of the battlefield for one of area control, said the General. The difficulty is in learning how to control the amorphous mass of men who must be dispersed over an entire zone, an entire tract of land, dispersed thinly enough not to invite bomb blast, yet strongly enough to tackle the enemy who comes on the blast. It is a problem of controlled dispersion. The Army both here and in Germany has been working on the problem intensively, both theoretically and in the field.

'Battle Groups'

This means, said Gavin, that the "monolithic" division of tradition has got to be abandoned. It is too vulnerable to disruption. Instead, the new combat form of the army must be a "cellular" organization—units of two or three thousand men—isolated and dispersed, yet controlled. These new units are smaller than the old regiment of 3,500 men. Tentatively we call them "battle groups." How many the United States Army has now is, of course, classified. But the number is significant. The term "division" will be retained, to be sure, for the organization that binds them to cohesion will still be called a division. But it will be something else, hinged on an entirely new system of communications with new functions. Eventually, as the system and technique develop, the whole Army must be changed over to this pattern, and the National Guard and reserves also.

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But in sum, I asked, what does this mean—will the Army need more men for the atomic battlefield or fewer? Certainly not fewer, said the General, quite possibly more, almost certainly more. At some point you have to dissolve the organization down to the size of units you are not afraid of losing to one blast. These will be smaller units, but the organization that controls them may require more men; it certainly won't take less men than in the present division. Or take the Eighth Army in Korea. Had that been an atomic war with atomic weapons, with the depth of battlefront required by those weapons, it would certainly have required many more men.

The area and depth of the new battlefront, I pointed out, were something new in the thinking of people like me. Did this concept of area war mean holocaust over vast expanses of ground?

No, said the General; how could he explain it? He reflected, then resumed again. A lot of people talk about the Pax Romana and Pax Britannica as being ages of great peace, the one dependent on land power, the other on sea power. And they say this will be the era of Pax Americana, dependent on air power.

But think about it. How did the Romans keep their peace? Not by having soldiers everywhere but by building roads. The General had traveled over these roads in Italy, in Africa, and Asia Minor—roads running straight as an arrow where the builders wanted them to go. The roads were simply a means of moving men fast, to the area of decision where they could operate at the vitals of the enemy, and that's what the Roman peace was. What was British sea power? It was the means of delivering power, with mobility, where they wanted it. It was the presence of the flag in the harbor, the putting ashore of a few men in a key area, the hanging of a few criminals that kept the peace where the peace might be disrupted.

Our belief, said Gavin, is that the progress of technology makes it possible to move our forces to impress our will on criminals who disturb the peace, to punish them, and then be able to move on swiftly to the next area threatened. It's not the idea of using the technology for more destruction but the capability of getting our force precisely where we want it.

Moving by Air

Up to now we had been talking of the battle zone and tactics. The General now switched. He wanted to talk about mobility. Mobility and logistics aren't the least bit glamorous, he said—yet they are of overriding importance. Most people are inclined to think of mobility in terms of weapons. Historically they always depict mobility as combat in battle scenes; in their paintings and their tapestries, it is the picture of the wheeled vehicle or the knight on his charger. Few people really think of

mobility as a system of transport that makes action in the battlefield possible. When people think of the Civil War and horses they think of Jeb Stuart without knowing that more horses were used for hauling flour, ammunition, bread, and wounded in an infantry division than in a cavalry division in that war. For every airplane that goes into combat today, there may be fifty planes behind doing logistical work, hauling fuel and lubricants, men, or supplies.

Air mobility is the key to battle capability today, the ability to deliver men swiftly to the battle zone and support them there. Take the Army in the Far East when the Korean War broke out. Our capability then was limited to flying over only two rifle companies and an artillery battalion to stop the North Koreans. Consider what would have happened had we been able to move a full division by air that first day, parachuting the forward elements to secure the airfields, following with a complete division in twenty-four hours, then another division twenty-four hours later, and a third twenty-four hours later still. But we couldn't. We had no mobility.

We need, continued the General, two kinds of air mobility—strategic and tactical. People are inclined to think of air mobility as getting a lot of planes, putting troops in, flying them in, and you have the answer. But air mobility is like amphibious war. You need all kinds of planes—the large soft-bellied transports that bring us supplies and men behind the fire area, the tactical line types (like LCTs and LCIs) to deliver them in the fire area.

You need, for the Army as a whole, at least the capacity of a strategic lift, a corps lift that can lift three divisions from a rear area like Africa to a threatened area like Denmark or the Balkans in twenty-four hours. You can't be strong all over; you must take risks. Only with mobility can you face your risks by lifting your forces to deliver them swiftly where they are needed without scattering them all across the globe six divisions here, six divisions there. And within each theater there should be a tactical lift. The Army in the Far East should have the capacity, say, to lift a single division for tactical purposes, and the same thing applies to Europe.

Feeding the Battlefield

We generals, said Gavin, are always accused of trying to fight the next war with the weapons of the last. This time we're trying to get ready to fight the next war, if it comes, with the weapons and organization of the next. But until we put our theories to the test in field practice with sufficient equipment, we can't be sure we'll hold.

For the whole character of modern war presumes a basic dependence on air vehicles, not only on parachute drops but on every type of air transport—helicopters, gliders, utility transports. The key to atomic warfare tactically will be how to keep isolated units alive over long periods, still fighting when they are deeply encircled behind enemy lines. The strategy of the globe hinges on our ability to deliver power to the zone of battle quickly.

An old-fashioned linear war like Korea absorbed only 220 helicopters. We've built more since. We are now experimenting with a few de Havilland Otters, a light utility plane that carries a ton. But no one knows how

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THE BUDGET MYSTERY

ERIC SEVAREID

TWO out of every three dollars in the new Federal budget will go for the country's military security, a simple but gigantic fact that illustrates why it is terribly difficult for Congress to seriously alter the budget, and also why there is considerable illusion in the assertions that our economic prosperity is now "peacetime prosperity." In terms of the economy, it does not matter so much whether the weapons are being fired; what matters is whether they are being manufactured.

This budget again makes manifest a kind of revolution in the old relationships between Legislature and Executive in the American government. It has been happening over a period of years; its condition has become so familiar that we are hardly aware it *is* a revolution. What has happened is that the Congress has very largely lost its traditional control over the purse strings. It preserves it now only in limited and nominal form. This is due neither to Executive aggressiveness nor to indifference on the part of the Congress. It is due, rather, to two other things—secrecy and complexity. The military requests are the heart of the general budget, and yet Congress in these times cannot really decide on these requests on the basis of its own informed judgments. It must legislate in the dark.

NECESSARY SECRECY makes it impossible for any but a handful of Congressmen to weigh the requests for immense sums for atomic weapons and stockpiling; and even this handful are essentially amateurs, groping in a mysterious field; the others vote blind.

Inevitable complexity makes it impossible for *any* Congressman to know whether the various levels for Marines, Army troops, strategic air, continental defense, Navy, military aid to allies, the proposed levels of combat-ready forces vs. reserve forces, the division levels in Asia, in Europe, in the pool at home—impossible to know whether the whole complicated structure really does give the country what the President said it does, a "defense accurately adjusted to the national need."

The military budget increases our reliance on nuclear weapons and air power, and decreases our combat-ready ground divisions and Navy vessels. Will the total military structure that must result meet the now-hidden threats of this rapidly changing world? Would it meet the potential big war, beyond the first shock stages? Would it meet the threat of little wars where the disadvantages of using atomic weapons might outrun the advantages? Is America really more secure now than ever before, or does the Russian atomic build-up mean we are less secure than ever before? We presumably expect to blast enemy armies out of existence with such weapons; but if the enemy has such weapons too, do we not need potentially greater armies ourselves?

WHO really knows whether the fantastic new weapons decrease our need for manpower in the field or increase it, since none of these weapons has yet been used in combat conditions? Is there a danger that this whole weapons trend may freeze us into readiness for one kind of imagined war that may never come and leave us unfit for other kinds that might come?

If Congress had the collective wisdom of five hundred Solomons, it could not be even approximately sure of the answers to such questions.

Nor can the President [be sure]. He does not pretend to be. He says only that in his own judgment this approach is best, and he has pointedly told Congress that he personally directed these plans—a warning that Congress would have to defeat him, a general, in the arena of public opinion, if it were to alter these plans radically. The whole question is one of vast imponderables; it could only be a Congressional guess, based on partial information, against a Presidential guess based on fuller information but no greater clairvoyance.

In darkness, Congress will decide on these Executive decisions, themselves made in a very thick fog.

(A broadcast by Mr. Sevareid over CBS Radio.)

many the new "area" war or substantial air mobility may require. We need vast reservoirs of planes of varying types. During the Second World War we used the old C-47 all through—but we were developing eight or nine different kinds of new fighters and bombers. Today we need assault transports, brush-hopping transports, amphibious planes, jet assault planes that can come down and take off on water without waiting for clearing a field; we need planes with tracked landing gear.

All this seemed to me to require clouds of planes of shapes and performance I had never dreamed of. I knew, of course, of the transports the Air Force has been developing, from the standard Douglas C-124, which is already operating in group formations, to the new C-132s and C-133s that carry from thirty tons to sixty tons of cargo at a lift, or hundreds of troops at a shot. But Gavin's concept was obviously of an Army dependent on and moving in great autonomous fleets of air vehicles of vastly diverse varieties. Would twenty thousand planes be necessary for the new concepts, I wondered?

Gavin, who jumped in with the 82nd Airborne Division on D-Day, recalled that twelve hundred C-47s were used that day in Normandy for support alone. For the new "cellular-type" Army, twenty thousand planes might indeed not be too many. Yet with a sound plan, even this number might be feasible. The Army needs cheap, unsophisticated planes. One complicated B-52, the master strategic bomber, costs $8 million. One group of B-52s costs the equivalent of enough light planes to supply several field armies stoutly enough to hold.

WE DID NOT go on to talk about the debate on Capitol Hill about whether the Army needs more or less money, more or fewer men, more or less research and development. It is civilian leadership that must ultimately decide how the nation is defended in terms of politics, of economics, of strategy. But this leadership cannot do so without being bound by the concrete facts, the limits placed on decision by the stubborn face of the battlefield. And Gavin felt it was best to let the conversation end there.

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Mendès-France And the Republican Tradition

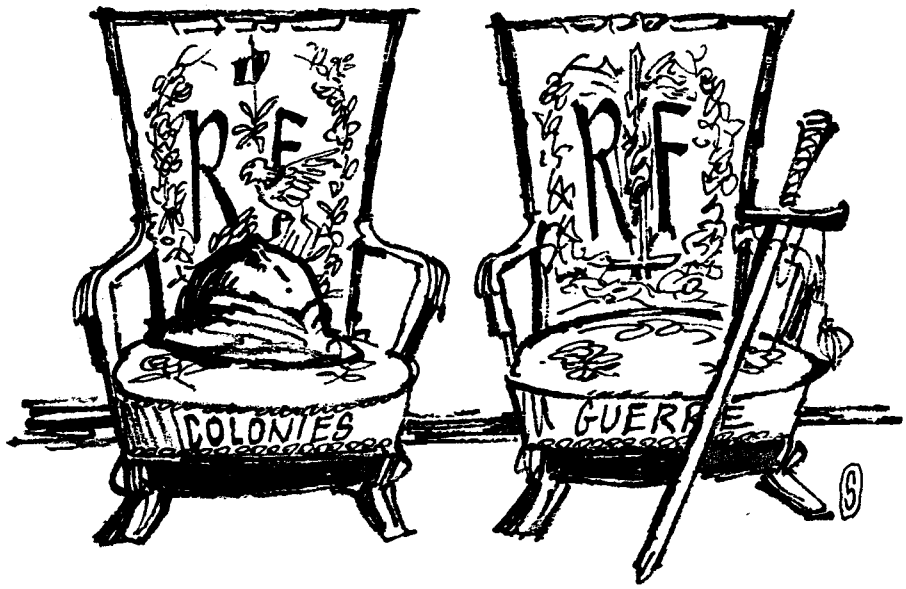
ANDRE FONTAINE

PARIS

ABOVE ALL, Pierre Mendès-France is a republican. I do not mean a republican with a capital "R" in the American G.O.P. sense of the term, although analogies can be found between Mendès-France's conception of a dynamic, expanding capitalism and the ideas of economic freedom cherished by the Eisenhower wing of the Republican Party. He is a republican in the sense that with all the power of his heart and of his mind he is a believer in the republican, democratic form of government. In France this form of government is not universally taken for granted or considered the best in the world. But Mendès-France sees in republican institutions the incarnation of France. For him the two ideas of patriotism and republicanism are interchangeable.

We French cherish our freedoms above all else, even to the point where frequently we run the risk of losing them through boundless individualism if not anarchy. We take pride in challenging other people's authority. But in the course of even recent history we have come very close to dictatorship, and sometimes in the past we have accepted it enthusiastically. Without stressing the Bonapartes or the Pétains, who were carried to power by the people's abdication, we need only remember the popular enthusiasm for General Boulanger that swept France near the end of the last century, or the effect that fascism, represented by such men as the renegade Communist Jacques Doriot or the Croix de Feu leader Colonel de La Rocque, exerted on the middle classes just before the Second World War. And if General de Gaulle did not become the dictator that so many saw in him, the credit perhaps goes more to the General's own scruples than to the French people.

Even in our own days we have a Right that still flirts with totalitarianism, while on the Left five million people consider themselves superdemocrats and vote massively for the Communists. In fact it must be acknowledged that these words "democracy" and "republic" do not evoke in France, particularly among young people, the same kind of unquestioning response that they do in America. To too many of us they sound hollow. And I am afraid that among the hundreds of thousands of young Frenchmen who wholeheartedly support Mendès-France there are quite a few whose love for democratic institutions is not exactly burning.



The True Republican

But Mendès-France is a true republican. He is—and knows it—the direct heir of the Waldeck-Rousseaus, the Poincarés, and the Léon Blums—men who did not come from the underprivileged classes, but who instinctively understood the plain people and devotedly served them. There was nothing in these men of that haughty aloofness from the masses and that cynical hardheartedness which characterize authoritarian haters of democracy. As they believed, so does Mendès-France deeply believe that the Republic made France great, and that France's prestige in the world can be restored only by a rejuvenated Republic.

This militant republican faith guides his every action. It explains, for instance, his profound respect for the men who embody the institutions he is striving to reform. Never has the President of the Republic been so meticulously informed on the course of national affairs. Never has the advice of such elder statesmen as Edouard Herriot or Albert Sarraut been sought so frequently. And no predecessor of his has kept in such close contact with the heads of other branches of the government.

Thus it is that Mendès-France, who stands for the younger generation and who is surrounded by youthful Cabinet Ministers and personal advisers, many of them in their thirties, cultivates such close and respectful co-operation with his elders. This is a change in a nation that has long been afflicted by the conflict between generations. It has been said that the Third Republic was a régime of old men. Mendès-France is not inclined to relegate to a museum everybody born before the turn of the century.

It is precisely his republicanism that makes him the new leader of the traditional Left, a leftist—not the founder of a Left of his own, as some of his overzealous supporters claim. As a traditional leftist he is determined to prevent all vested interests

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from taking advantage of the citizens, from limiting in any way their individual freedoms and their equality of opportunity.

Such an attitude could easily lead him—as it has led others—to anti-militarism, anti-capitalism, and anti-clericalism.

Not a Doctrinaire

But part of Mendès-France's originality is his lack of dogmatism on any of these subjects that have provided so fertile a soil for doctrinaire movements in France. A volunteer pilot with the de Gaulle forces, a reserve officer in the army, he sees in the French Army the secular arm of the republican state. He has no preconceived hostility to high brass: He brought Marshal Juin back into the councils of the state after his predecessors had held the Marshal at arm's length because of his opposition to EDC. He sees a rejuvenated and ever-expanding capitalism—repudiating the old protectionist, Malthusian traditions—as the indispensable instrument for restoring French power. His views on the German problem, his plan for Franco-German co-operation to develop Africa's resources, stem from a strong belief in capitalism. There are plenty of people in France who think him too much of a capitalist.

As for the perennial religious issue, he approaches it as a man who is not much concerned with metaphysics or organized religion. He has not fallen into that automatic anti-Catholicism which cost his own party, the Radicals, the support of many republicans. Several members of his Government and of his personal staff are convinced Catholics; they find no difficulty in working with him.

Mendès-France has no a priori hostility to the army, to capitalism, or to the Church, but only a strong determination not to let any of these forces encroach on the domain of the republican government, which remains the guarantor of public and personal freedoms. The government must decide, in a spirit of complete independence, the conflicts that arise from special interests, no matter whose.

This is why he is opposed to lobbies. French lobbies have grown very strong in recent years. Unlike American lobbies, the French variety specializes in private rather than in public relations—private relations with the men who count. The wine interests, the sugar-beet people, the

Mendès-France

truckers, the North African businessmen have delegated to Members of Parliament and politicians at large the task of speaking for them. These lobbyists talk more about France and the flag than about the special interests they represent.

A Postgraduate School

Yet for all his independence he remains a member of the Radical Socialist Party. Many of his supporters find it difficult to understand how he can stick to a party whose weakness—or rather total absence of will—played a crucial role in the 1940 catastrophe as it did in France's postwar incapacity to attain political and economic stability. But it must be remembered that the Radical Socialist Party is not a homogeneous whole. It is a party in which very strong personalities, often with conflicting beliefs, are to be found. Men not distinguished for their scruples sit side by side in the party with the idealists and serious statesmen. Actually the Radical Socialist Party is best characterized by the fact that it provides a matchless postgraduate course in the art of practical politics.

Mendès-France joined the party at the start of his political life. A Deputy at twenty-five, an Under Secretary of State at thirty, by now at forty-eight he has had plenty of time to lose any illusions he may once have had about politicians, to master thoroughly the delicate mechanism of parliamentary government, and to find out how to get results. It would be a mistake to think of him as a scheming Machiavellian; it would be equally a mistake to suppose he does not know all there is to know about the game of politics.

Yet in his own way, Mendès-France is a moralist. The moral principles he adheres to are not based on any metaphysics or any philosophy; they spring from his belief that progress is always possible—if the nation is firmly ruled and its citizens have a chance to gain a fair share of security. His is a very practical moralism based not on expediency but on firmly held beliefs. Thus Mendès-France is fighting alcoholism not only because he wants to free the budget from the double cost of paying people to produce alcohol while spending government money for the rehabilitation of alcoholics, but because he sincerely wants to free people from the depravation of drink.

He is a man who without being a puritan believes that honesty pays best. There may be some righteousness in his practical moralism, but certainly it is refreshing to see at the head of the French nation a self-disciplined man whose personal and family life is unblemished.

The Stubborn Economist

If Mendès-France's beliefs are those of an old-fashioned republican, his methods are of a pragmatist steeped in economics.

After a long day's work, he reads Keynes for relaxation, moving easily in that world of theoretical economics which is closed to the common mortal. He proclaims that the real greatness of a nation depends entirely on the vigor and independence of its economy. From this belief came his postwar struggle to stimulate capital investment; from here also came his insistence, during the last few years, that the Indo-Chinese War must end. In the first case, he showed that he preferred the future rather than the present welfare of the citizen; in the second, he refused to sacrifice both future and present to the past.

It is because Mendès-France was so firm and stubborn in his economic views that he finally was called

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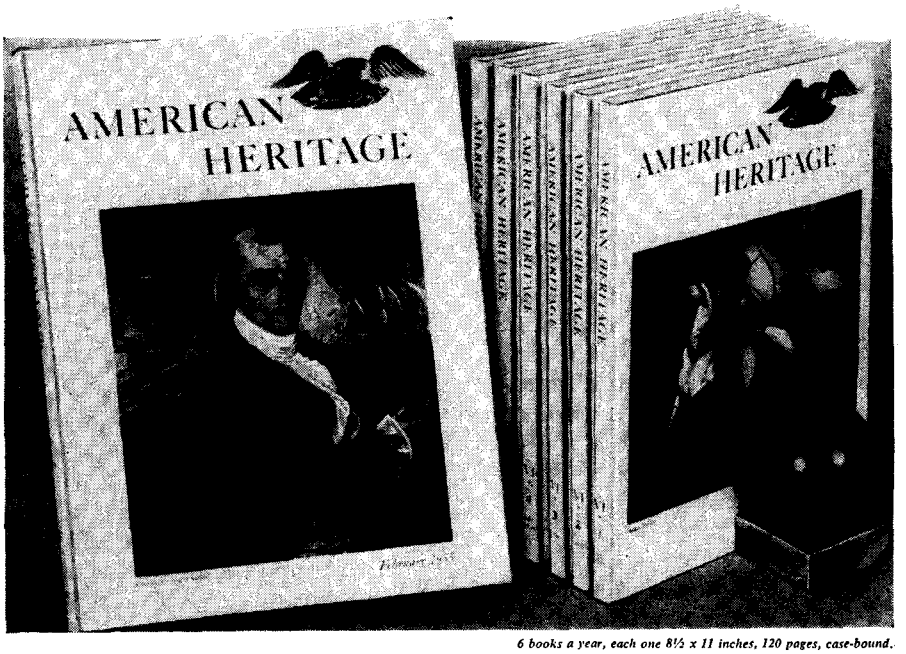

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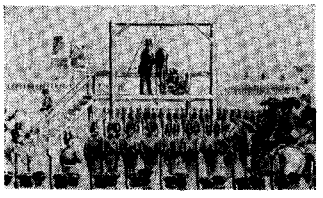

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upon to head a Government. But in a way, even as Premier with responsibility for foreign affairs, Mendès-France has done an economist's job. He has tried to establish a relationship between national ends and the nation's means. Like any other responsible leader, he wants France to be strong and Frenchmen to live in peace and enjoy economic and social progress. What sets him apart is that he links these laudable and general aims to immediate problems and translates them into definite political action. In his mind, first things come first. That is why he brought the Indo-Chinese War to an end. That is why he broke France's paralyzing hesitancy about the European Defense Community. He wanted to achieve these results without breaking the Atlantic alliance. At the time, the methods he used were violently criticized in France and abroad, but he got what he wanted. Mendès-France's methods have proved at times disturbing to the point of being judged earth-shaking. Yet his aim has always been only to give a new steadiness to France after twenty years of fear, doubt, and frustration. Obviously a steady France is conceivable only in a steadier, more peaceful world. In the opinion of the French Premier there are already many signs that some relaxation in international tension is at hand. He thinks that this trend can be accelerated and that here France, together with its allies, has a role to play.

But for How Long?

Mendès-France used to say that his real ambition was to be Finance Minister under a strong Premier. He has relinquished the Foreign Ministry to tackle the job of straightening out the French economy. To all intents and purposes he has become his own Finance Minister. His major ambition may be considered fulfilled with a vengeance—for as long as Parliament allows the Prime Minister to remain in power.

Egypt: Nasser Walks The Tightrope of Power

CLAIRE STERLING

CAIRO

FROM THE TIME it seized power in the summer of 1952, the Free Officers' Junta ruling Egypt has been trying to run a revolution without violence. It may not be able to do that much longer.

Three months ago, a member of the Moslem Brotherhood fired eight shots at Lieutenant Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser, Prime Minister and head of the Junta, during an open-air rally in Alexandria. The man missed. But it was clear that the Brotherhood would try again and wouldn't stop with Nasser. During the last few months, Brotherhood leaders have confessed to planning the assassination of all ten men in the Junta, and police have turned up enough dynamite in Brotherhood hiding places to blow up three-quarters of Cairo and the Suez Canal.

The problem before the Revolution Command Council isn't simply to find and punish a few fanatics. It has already arrested a thousand and hanged six. But no one in Egypt thinks this closes the question. The Ikhwan al Muslimin—Brotherhood of Moslems—isn't an ordinary political movement. It is a state of mind. There are Ikhwan members everywhere, in the smallest, most isolated villages and the biggest cities, in the universities, the army, the police force, and, reportedly, the Junta itself. While no one knows the exact membership total, it is said to be anywhere from half a million to two million, and for every Egyptian actually enrolled there are two or three more with the same hatreds, fears, and loyalties.

The Ikhwan promises nothing to its followers except the keys to Paradise, and teaches nothing except to live by the Koran and die for Islam. "Only a nation skilled in the industry of death," its founder, Hassan al Banna, once said, "can lead a life of dignity and strength. Those who are ready to die will truly live."

Al Banna himself wasn't living by the Koran when he began to preach terrorism. The Koran doesn't approve of Moslems killing Moslems. Nevertheless, his program of bombing, sacking, and killing was supported for years by a devout Moslem population; and he was mourned as a martyr when, after arranging the murder of Prime Minister Nokrashy Pasha in 1948, he was murdered in turn at the instigation of King Farouk. Terrorism in the name of the Prophet had a powerful appeal for people worn down by centuries of misery and living under the combined rule of a foreign country and a degenerate King.

'Chaos, Dissension, Baseness . . .'

The fact that the King and the foreign country are both gone now hasn't made much difference to the Ikhwan. It's still calling on Egyptians to kill for religion and revenge, and they still respond.

It has taken some time for Junta leaders to understand why. The handful of army officers who engineered the palace coup in the summer of 1952 had a fund of patriotism but no political experience. They had expected the gratitude of a united population for liberating the country without firing a shot. They have learned, however, that it was probably a mistake to send Farouk into comfortable exile rather than to his death and to negotiate patiently with the British instead of trying to free the Suez by force. The Egyptians have been angry too long to accept such a bloodless revolution without suspicion and a certain disappointment. They have also learned that getting rid of Farouk and the British was the merest beginning of the country's liberation, and that, after two and a half years of effort, they have managed only to remove the symbols of oppression without eliminating the real source of the Egyptians' despair—hunger, disease,

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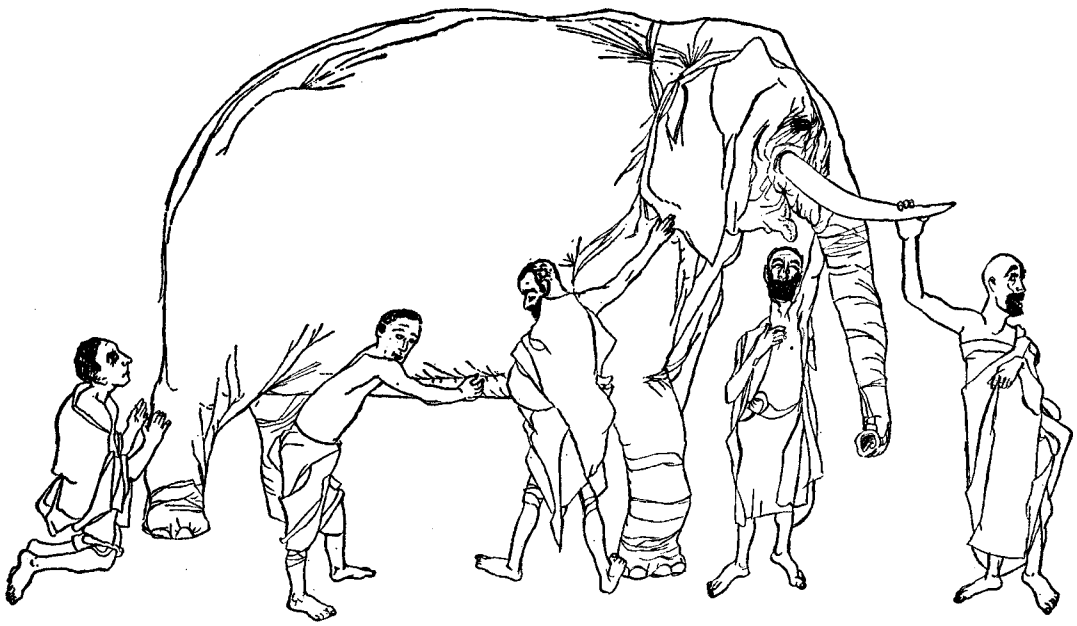

To get the whole truth you have to get the whole picture

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illiteracy, and the profound spiritual crisis of a nation too eastern to accept the West but too long under western domination to accept the East.

Neither Colonel Nasser nor the men around him had any intention of coping with these problems when they organized their coup. They had planned only to depose the King and go back to their barracks. But once in control of the country, they could find no one else they could trust to run it.

Although the whole nation had cheered when Farouk abdicated, it was, after all, a nation shaped in his mold. Both the Saadist and Wafdist Parties—the only important political parties in the country—had become skilled in corruption after years of alternating rule under a sovereign who had seen nothing wrong, for instance, in selling defective weapons to his own army during the Palestine war. The civil service, though it included many Egyptians with good British educations, was shot through with the same moral decay. The few native leaders who had resisted every temptation had been so long against something that they were unable to decide what they were for; and the same could be said for most of a population thoroughly conditioned to expect the worst.

"There have been moments since 1952," Colonel Nasser wrote recently, "when I've accused myself and my comrades of madness for doing what we had done. I had imagined the whole nation ready and waiting for nothing but a vanguard to lead the charge. I had thought I heard the sound of serried ranks and marching feet. Then the vanguard acted and waited for the serried ranks. How long it had to wait! We needed order, unity, work. We found only chaos, dissension, baseness, sloth. And all the wise men we came to for advice would recommend nothing except to kill someone else."

The Useless Land

In the belief that going back to their barracks would undo whatever they had done, Colonel Nasser's men stayed in power, and undertook to feed, clothe, heal, educate, and pacify twenty-one million neglected people. It was a monumental undertaking. More than ninety-six per cent of the 386,000 square miles of land in Egypt is useless desert. Most of the population must maintain itself on a narrow irrigated strip along the Nile —a total of thirteen thousand square miles. This soil is rich. But though every acre of it must feed three people, productive capacity among the undernourished fellahin is low; and though one out of every five babies dies within a few months of birth and the rest can expect to live only to the age of thirty, the population is growing at the unnerving rate of three hundred thousand a year.

Naguib

This population has been left in ignorance and squalor through all of Egypt's history. Three million people living in the country now have no pure drinking water, four million are blind in one eye or both from trachoma, thirteen million are suffering from bilharzia. Moreover, half the population is totally illiterate, and half the children of school age have no schools to go to.

On top of this, Egypt's economy was in utter confusion when the Junta took over. Seventy years of colonial rule and a succession of cynical Governments had run up the country's trade deficit to $225 million in 1952; and in the same year, speculators in the Government and the palace had secured a corner on the cotton market that brought them a profit of $62 million and pushed the state treasury to the point of bankruptcy.

'Spirit of Altruism'

In the beginning, the Junta tried using civilian leadership to handle this situation. The first Prime Minister it selected was Aly Maher, a nonparty man who had served briefly as Premier under Farouk. After giving Aly Maher a six-week trial, during which he did nothing but abolish royal titles, the Junta fired him and put General Mohammed Naguib in his place.

Since then, Egypt has been under unbroken military rule. The Junta tried for a time to find some alternative. In September, 1952, it ordered all political parties to purge themselves or face dissolution, in the hope that some newer, cleaner leadership might turn up. The purge failed. Four months after the Junta's ultimatum, it dissolved all parties and set up a Liberation Rally—an effort to organize its own mass political machine that hasn't had much success. It has made a point of using whatever competent and reasonably honest civilians it could find. Half the Ministers in the present Cabinet are non-army, and the civil service, after a sweeping clean-up, has been left in nonmilitary hands. But the only place where the Junta can be sure of finding solid support is in the lower—very much lower—echelons of the army, and the major decisions of state have been made by the Junta alone.

Neither Naguib nor Nasser, who have shared command of the Junta, had any clear idea of how to transform Egypt. Naguib, descendant of a highly placed military family, had spent his entire life in the army, and had been educated exclusively at the Military Academy in Cairo and the General Staff College. Nasser, son of a petty functionary in the post office, also had a wholly military education, though he had been a revolutionary from the age of seventeen.

Having no political or economic philosophy to go by except a vague desire to "foster the spirit of altruism," the Junta has been forced to improvise. On the whole it has done well. With the help of a Finance Minister trained in the London School of Economics, it has turned Egypt's trade deficit into a surplus

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and begun to collect taxes. It has also developed a plan for Egypt's industrialization, liberalized the investment laws to encourage foreign capital, found the money to start construction of a steel plant costing $45 million and a fertilizer factory costing $72 million, and negotiated a $40-million loan from the United States. Moreover, it has begun to capture the imagination of Egypt's young intellectuals, with whose help it has already managed to teach two hundred thousand adult illiterates to read and write, and to reduce the loss of eyesight from trachoma by fifteen per cent. Apart from this beginning in social work, it has announced a school-building program of 4,500 classrooms a year, and balanced a budget amounting to $750 million, a fourth of which is going into development and social services.

The Liberation Province

Above all, the Government has shown vigor and intelligence in facing the heartbreaking question of land.

The Junta's land-reform program, launched in September, 1952, came nowhere near meeting the need. Even with total expropriation, Egypt hasn't enough land for that. Since the Junta refused to take such a drastic step, the best it could do wasn't much more than an expression of good intentions.

The reform left a minimum of two hundred acres apiece to the 2,150 big landowners of Egypt, and permitted the royal Mohammed Ali family to keep half of its 120,000 acres. All told, the measure yielded 620,000 acres to the state. It wasn't much. And so far, only ninety thousand acres have been distributed among fourteen thousand fellahin, who must be helped every step of the way with credit, machinery, teachers, and co-operatives.

The Junta has tried to find other ways to make up for this necessarily inadequate program. It has lowered land rents to a third of what they had been under Farouk. This alone has doubled the fellahin's income, though the average is still no more than $80 a year. It has also begun to organize a network of two hundred rural centers, each of which will serve fifteen thousand people with teachers, doctors, sanitary officers, and agricultural advisers. And it is preparing to bring pure water to everyone who needs it.

The big objective, however, has been to find new arable land. With the help of foreign experts and the hope of foreign funds, the Junta has been working out plans to reclaim six hundred thousand semi-arid acres, and two million more in the desert. The first project, already under way, will mean the resettlement of half a million people in an entirely new community—the Liberation Province—with three big canals, roads, schools, factories, and three hundred villages built from the ground up.

That Expensive Dam

The second project is the construction of a high dam near Aswan, one of the most ambitious works of engineering in the world. The dam, already designed by a German firm and now under study by an international team of experts, would provide cheap power for badly needed new industry, and a third more land than Egypt has under cultivation now.

But the giant dam would cost over half a billion dollars, which would mean either substantial loans from abroad or a severe austerity program at home. It would also take ten years to build. And even then, it would barely enable Egypt to keep up with the growing population. Like so much of the régime's reform program, it is no more than a promise—hedged in by doubts, limited by the country's resources, not offered to everyone—that will take a third of the average Egyptian's lifetime to fulfill.

The fact that the régime is giving any promises at all has brought hope to millions of fellahin for the first time in their lives. But millions of others remain untouched, and where the ten men in the Junta have no mass organization to explain things to the people, the Ikhwan has.

'Live by the Koran'

The Moslem Brotherhood had little part in the 1952 revolution. Its Supreme Guide, Hassan al Hadibi, waited several days after the army's coup before coming around to the Junta with congratulations and advice, and the advice was the same for the state

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as it was for the people: Live by the Koran and die for Islam. To die for Islam in this instance meant to declare war first on the British for the Suez, then on the Jews for Palestine, and finally on the French for the twenty million Moslems in North Africa. To live by the Koran meant to organize the state's finances by closing the banks and barring the payment of interest, and to administer justice by cutting off the right hand of a thief. It also meant to ban movies, confine women to the veil and the home, limit education to the Koran, and break off all contact with the West.

Junta leaders had no choice but to turn down what one of them calls "this invitation to take Egypt back to the thirteenth century." But the decision wasn't as easy as it might seem. Religion is the one appeal capable of moving the entire Egyptian people, and the Koran their single defense against a harsh modern world. If it was impossible to turn Egypt's face resolutely toward Mecca after seventy years of mental conquest by the British, it was also dangerous to refuse and difficult to find an acceptable alternative. The Moslems in Egypt—and practically everywhere else—have been deeply troubled in spirit by a western civilization they have been forced to adopt but can't entirely understand. Although Egypt's leaders have had European educations, wear European clothes, and eat European food, they have never lost a resulting sense of isolation.

The Junta has tried to find a way out of this dilemma by what it calls "modernizing without Europeanizing Egypt," and by respecting as many Moslem traditions as are consonant with social reform. It has gone slow, for instance, on matters like woman suffrage and birth control. It has also made important—and dangerous—concessions to the extremist Arab League in foreign policy.

But no amount of circumspection could disguise the fact that Egypt needs banks and credit, foreign loans, western technical advisers, scientists, a modern educational system, and long years of peace. Whatever compromises the Junta has made, it has found in the Ikhwan an implacable enemy.

The attempt on Colonel Nasser last October wasn't the first blow. Ikhwan leaders have been working actively to overthrow the régime almost from the day it came to power. But they have become much bolder in the last year, in the course of which they have found allies in the army and the Communist Party, and another in General Mohammed Naguib.

The army has been troublesome from the beginning. Nasser's group is made up entirely of young officers, the highest ranking of whom is Nasser himself. The older top men have either stayed aloof or been openly hostile, which is understandable; during the summer of 1952 the Junta found it advisable to jail every officer above the rank of colonel, and even without that irritant, it isn't pleasant for a general to take orders from a colonel.

Naguib's Popularity

Naguib had been the only general in the army to show sympathy for the

revolution, and it was for this reason that the Free Officers' Group selected him—after their coup—to be their titular leader. By February, 1954, however, the friction between Naguib and the younger men had become intolerable, and he resigned.

There can be no doubt that, of the two men who had by now become such bitter rivals, Nasser was the more able; he is conceded to have been the brains of the revolution. On the other hand, there can be no doubt of Naguib's sincerity in wanting to help Egypt either before last February or since. He was and is a lovable, compassionate, and patriotic figure whose tremendous popularity saved the revolution many times in its early stages. But he is, as one diplomat points out, "a man with a weakness." He cannot bear to be disliked, or to hurt anyone, or to say "No," and his irresolution drove the younger men wild. "I would rather sit in a jail cell for a year and live on bread and water," the Minister of National Guidance, Major Salah Salem, told reporters the day Naguib resigned, "than work one more day with that man."

Naguib was too popular at that time to remain a private citizen for long. The Junta called him back in two days. But neither side trusted the other any longer. The Junta put Naguib under polite palace guard, in the form of a "Minister for Republican Affairs," who screened his visitors, telephone calls, and mail. In turn, Naguib began to work with whomever he could find to overturn the Junta and return to real power.

Two months after last February's crisis, a group of army officers were arrested and tried for plotting against the régime—the third such plot in two years. The first witness at the trial volunteered the information that the defendants had had Naguib's full approval. The testimony was ordered stricken from the record, and the court was cleared of press and public.

By last October, however, the Junta either couldn't or wouldn't shield Naguib any longer. The Brotherhood's attack on Nasser was too serious, and Naguib's connection with it too clear. By the time the Revolution Council opened the trial of Colonel Nasser's assailant, in November, Naguib was under house arrest.

Strange Alliance

The Ikhwan's conspiracy, as revealed by its own witnesses in the courtroom, was formidable in scope and perfected in detail. Two men had been assigned to assassinate each member of the Junta, the second to make another attempt if the first failed. Naguib was to speak over the radio "to appease the public" after the assassinations, and was then to become Premier of the new republic. The machinery of state was to be taken over by Ikhwan leaders with the assistance of the Communist Party.

The Communists haven't much strength in Egypt except in student circles, and the Cominform has made little effort to help them. No Moscow-trained leaders are known in Cairo, and no more than the usual ration of propaganda has been filtering through the satellite embassies. But the party has the advantage of excellent riot experience; and what-

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ever the ideological differences between the Brotherhood and the Communists, they see eye to eye on the Junta.

It shouldn't be too difficult for the Junta to deal with the Communists. Membership in the party has been a crime in Egypt for years, and police could probably put their hands on almost every party activist at will. Nor is Naguib the dangerous opponent he was a year ago. His arrest was accepted quietly, if with some regret, in Egypt, and the general feeling now is that his political career is finished.

The Ikhwan, however, is another matter. The Cairo tinsmith who shot at Colonel Nasser has been executed, and five fellow conspirators along with him. The Supreme Guide and an estimated thousand of his followers are in prison. A good part of the dynamite stored so artfully in mosques, graveyards, and underground hide-outs has been uncovered. And Ikhwan leaders have done much to discredit their movement by cowardly confessions and mutual betrayals in the courtroom.

BUT NONE of this means that the Ikhwan is destroyed at its roots, nor can it be so long as there are so many other Egyptians willing to kill for the glory of Allah.

It has been evident since October that the Junta can no longer afford to wait for these Egyptians to change their minds. Unless it is prepared to use stern repressive measures at once against large numbers of people, it is risking the collapse of the revolution. But how many people can it punish for a way of thinking? How long can it continue to punish them without forcing millions of others to their side? And how long, therefore, before what started as a defense of the revolution becomes defense of a military dictatorship?

So far, Nasser's dictatorship, although complete—all political parties are outlawed at present—has been benevolent. The Junta has promised a new constitution and elections for January of next year. Will the elections take place? And if they do what will Nasser's role be? One thing is certain: It will be years before any democracy—least of all the American or British kind—can work here.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Japanese Tea Set

A short story set in the Middle East

EDWIN SAMUEL

ISRAEL KARMI and the messenger from his bank climbed out of the decrepit and swaying arabiyeh when the driver pulled up his horses outside the Dajani house, away out in the orange groves east of Jaffa. "Careful, careful, now!" said Karmi as the messenger reached back for the large cardboard box they had brought with them in the cab.

Hawajah Israel Karmi, the bank manager, and Muhammed Dajani Effendi, now retired from the magistracy after forty years of service, had been close friends for nearly thirty of these years, ever since they had lived in adjacent houses above Beirut. Their children had played together. Boisterous and gregarious Mrs. Karmi always baked a special cake for shy and secluded Mrs. Dajani on the Prophet's birthday, and Mrs. Dajani always sent a basket of figs to Mr. Karmi for Rosh Hashana.

When, just before the First World War, the Karmis had returned to Jaffa and built themselves a little villa in the new suburb of Tel-Aviv, the families were temporarily separated. Dajani was transferred—not back to his home town in Jaffa, as he so ardently desired, but to Damascus, to replace a younger Turkish magistrate who had sufficient influence to get himself a job in the Ministry of Justice in Constantinople itself. But when, in 1916, the Turkish military commander in Jaffa had suddenly seized a dozen of the local Jewish leaders who were suspected—and rightly—of pro-Allied sympathies and exiled them to Damascus, Dajani soon got in touch with his old friend. He insisted that Karmi accept a small monthly allowance, to be repaid after the war. And when Damascus was liberated by the Allied forces and both of the families returned to Jaffa, relations between them became closer than ever.

THE DAJANIS were one of the oldest and most respected Moslem families in Palestine, and Muhammed Effendi one of its oldest and most respected members. It was not easy to be an honest man in the corrupt Ottoman administration, especially if you were a judge. But Dajani had managed it. With his unblemished reputation, he was regarded with awe by Arab, Jew, and Englishman alike.

Now a man of over seventy, with a trim white beard, he was self-effacing and modest to an almost painful degree. His immense legal knowledge was often sought by his friends; but to hear him refer to it, you would have thought he was a mere beginner. He still clung to the ancient ways and wore the long black gown that well-to-do Moslems affected. When the British had asked him to continue on the bench at Jaffa, he tried wearing a European suit. In spite of much misgiving, he invited an Armenian tailor in Jaffa to come and measure him for a pair of trousers. But when they were delivered and he put them on, his womenfolk —his wife, his two daughters, and the two maids—declared a day of mourning. They sat on the floor with their faces veiled, crying as if their hearts would break. "*Ya pantalon! Ya mantalon!*" the derisive chant went on, until for the sake of peace and quiet, Muhammed Effendi agreed never to do such a thing again. The trousers were given as a present to his nephew, then leaving for his education in London, and the crisis was over.

And now his official career was over too, and he could look forward

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to a few more years of sitting in his sunlit courtyard listening to the fountain and the cooing of doves. He was well off; the family orange groves saw to that, and he owned valuable land in several nearby villages. He was known as a just landlord and his peasants respected him. The Jaffa Mufti, that hypocritical old fox, had paid him a formal call on his retirement. So had the District Commissioner. And now Hawajah Israel was coming.

MUHAMMED EFFENDI had an uneasy feeling that his old friend was going to make him a presentation. He had, of course, never accepted a present from anyone during the whole of his judicial career. That would have been unthinkable. But some malicious people might say that even now after his retirement a present was for services improperly rendered in the past. He could not accept a present even from his dear Hawajah Israel. And yet Moslem courtesy would preclude anything so crude as a direct refusal.

Karmi came into the courtyard. Dajani rose from his chair and embraced his guest with both arms, his face lit up with genuine affection. *"Salam Aleikum,"* said Karmi.

"Aleikum is *Salam,"* replied Dajani, and continued in melodious Arabic, "Welcome to my poor abode. You are always welcome, dear Hawajah Israel, especially now when time hangs somewhat on my hands. It is good of you to come. A cigarette, yes?" He clapped his hands and the small son of the gardener, with intense concentration, brought in the first cups of Turkish coffee on a tray.

Karmi gravely went through the usual ritual—Muhammed Effendi's health, the weather, the state of the crops, the latest news in the paper. But he was bursting to disclose his secret to his friend. He had gone to immense trouble to find the ideal present—something that Dajani could use, something that would fit in with his way of life, something that was in good taste and sufficiently valuable without being ostentatious. After weeks of search, he had found just what he wanted in a unique shop in Jerusalem: a Japanese tea set on a carved teak tray—a delicate pot, a delicate bowl, and fifteen delicate cups and saucers all of translucent

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FRANCE? WEST INDIES? BRAZIL? HAWAII? MEXICO?

Read what The Christian Science Monitor says about a new way to travel that sometimes costs 1/3 to 1/2 less.

BY THE travel editor of The Christian Science Monitor: **Many fascinating travel booklets pass over this desk in the course of a year but the one that arrived the other day so interested this department that it cost the office several hours of work in order that we might absorb its contents. The booklet is entitled "Travel Routes Around the World" and is the traveler's directory to passenger-carrying freighters and liners. In no time at all you find yourself far out to sea cruising along under tropical skies without a care in the world. You find yourself docking at strange ports and taking land tours to those places you long have read about. Most interesting of the vast listings of ships are the freighters which carry a limited number of passengers in quarters comparable to the luxury offered in the so-called big cruise ships which devote most of their space for passengers.**

The booklet first of all answers the question: What is a freighter? The modern freighter, says the booklet, ranks with the de-luxe passenger vessels so far as comfort and accommodations are concerned.

LARGE ROOMS WITH BEDS

It is important to realize that in most cases today, freighter passengers are considered first class passengers, although the rates charged are generally on a par with either cabin or tourist-class fare. Most passenger-carrying freighters, to quote the booklet, have their private bath and shower, and these cabins offer beds, not bunks. The rooms are generally larger than equivalent accommodations aboard passenger ships, and the cabin of a modern freighter is sometimes even twice as large as first-class cabins on some of the older passenger ships. It goes without saying that your room is on the outside, and amidships, the most expensive of all locations, for which you are usually charged a premium over the advertised minimum fares on passenger ship.

This booklet points out that it is frequently astonishing how low freighter fares are as compared with passenger ship fares; for example, less than one-half of the passenger ship fare to California is the amount asked on freighters. On most of the longer runs, the difference in favor of the freighters is regularly from a third to half of the passenger ship fare.

SERVICE AND MEALS RATED EXCELLENT

Service and meals on a freighter leave little to be desired. You will be treated with consideration. Stewards will go out of their way to make your voyage pleasant. On ships with East Indian stewards you will be waited on almost hand and foot, in a manner that is completely unknown to Americans and most Europeans.

Foreign ships offer their own specialties, says the booklet. Thus vessels in the East Indian trade serve Rijkstafl (or King's Table), the East Indian dish which can run to as many as 50 different courses, Scandinavian ships serve Smorgasbord every day, and some of their desserts (like strawberries smothered in a huge bowl of whipped cream) are never forgotten. Another feature of freighter travel is in its informality. No formal clothes are needed. Sports clothes are enough.

Other valuable information such as how to tip, shipboard activities and costs are covered in a booklet, "Travel Routes Around the World." Some of the trips listed include a trip to England for $160, a 12-day Caribbean cruise for $240, or a leisurely three-month Mediterranean voyage.

The booklet is published by Harian Publications, Greenlawn, New York, and may be obtained by sending to the publisher. So, when it arrives all you need to do is sit down and take your choice. The booklet lists literally hundreds of ocean trips.

"Travel Routes Around the World" is yours for just $1, and the big 128 page 1955 edition includes practically every passenger carrying service starting from or going to New York, Canada, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast, Mexico, South America, England, France, the Mediterranean, Africa, the Indies, Australia, the South Seas, Japan, Hawaii, etc. There's a whole section called How to See the World at Low Cost, plus pages and pages of photos and maps.

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patterned china. He had seen it in the window and been back several times during his branch inspections, until he brought the price down to what he was prepared to pay. There was a long wrangle over the sixteenth teacup, which was slightly chipped. Karmi told the dealer he couldn't possibly include a chipped teacup in a present. Eventually he had his way: He took only fifteen cups and the dealer knocked off another five per cent.

Karmi rose, with apologies, and went to the door of the courtyard to admit the bank messenger. The parcel was laid at Muhammed Effendi's feet and unwrapped, piece by piece, until it was all set up on the gray marble floor—a perfect background for the black tray, itself a perfect background for the little family of pale green cups with their red and black and dark green figures.

All this time Muhammed Effendi had been making the usual polite exclamations of wonder and appreciation: *"Wallah!* In the name of God and Muhammed his Prophet! What beauty! What a miracle of taste! I shall treasure this gift all my life, Hawajah Israel, all the more because it is a gift from the heart. I am much honored. I always knew you were my true friend, but I am now deeply touched by your kindness in coming here today to make me this presentation. Pray ask your messenger to wrap up the pieces again and to put them back in the box. Tomorrow I shall deposit it at my bank for safekeeping until I find a cupboard sufficiently worthy for its display. Then you must come again and see it." He clapped his hands once more and the final cups of coffee were brought and drunk. Karmi happily took his leave.

In a week Muhammed Effendi's agents succeeded in locating the dealer from whom the Japanese tea set had been purchased. If there were a second tea set, equally valuable or even better, he could give it as a present to Hawajah Israel. An exchange of such presents would leave the magistrate's reputation unsullied. But alas, the dealer had no second set. Yes, he remembered the original set. What a beautiful thing it was, indeed! One cup chipped and left behind—otherwise quite perfect. All that Muhammed Effendi's agents could do was buy the chipped cup and its saucer.

A few days later, Dajani's gardener, in his best clothes, rang the bell of Karmi's villa in Tel-Aviv. He came with a wooden box containing a Japanese tea set, together with a letter in Muhammed Effendi's own exquisite calligraphy. "Honored Friend," it read. "May God bless you. Your visit gave me much pleasure. Your gift has filled my heart. I cannot find a cupboard sufficiently worthy for its display and must, alas, keep it permanently at my bank. But I have learned one thing from your visit, dear Hawajah Israel, and that is your own impeccable taste in porcelain. Knowing now your own love of Oriental art, I have searched high and low for a gift in return that would please you. At last I have found it: another tea set of Japanese origin, the same pattern as that which you gave me, but with an extra teacup. It is unfortunately chipped, but you must not mind that from an old friend like your faithful Muhammed Dajani."

CHANNELS: Radio's Rut

MARYA MANNES

It took a program from the Canadian Broadcasting Company to show up the staleness and timidity of our own radio. This program, called "The Investigator," was a

brilliantly savage hour-long fantasy-satire on a certain Senator written by a man called Reuben Ship. It took six months after the Canadian broadcast for a New York station, WLIB, to run it, and since then a few other stations across the country have plucked up their courage. WLIB got the record from Radio Rarities, Inc., and a distributor named Dauntless International, two small companies so swamped with orders that they don't know what has hit them. At present writing, about twenty-five thousand records of "The Investigator" have been sold. The story persists that after the President received one at the White House he called his Cabinet into session to tell them "something important" and played it for them in an atmosphere of untempered glee.

I do not remember on our radio a single political satire on current events, certainly not since the war. It would be quite unthinkable because radio, apart from the weasel atmosphere of the day, has not changed for twenty years either in format or aim: to please all and offend none, a sure recipe for stagnation.

Everything else in America has changed—cars, stoves, refrigerators, foods. But not radio. The pattern has remained relentlessly the same: a day-long parade of fifteen- and thirty-minute segments interrupted by commercials and news.

The segments themselves have not changed. My Gal Sunday, the-girl-from-a-little-mining-town-who-married-England's-richest-and-noblest-lord, is still in trouble. The male crooners moo like cows in pain, the women wail for their demon lovers, the gagsters gag, the interviewers babble, the forums ponder and clear their throats, and dozens of men all

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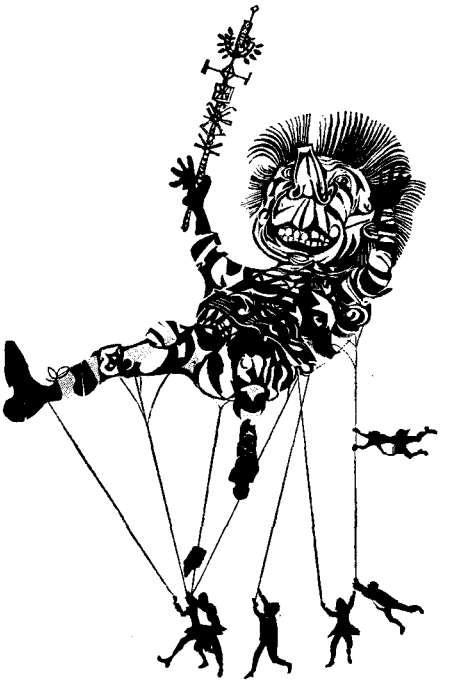
over the country read AP and UP reports with the automatic and numbing fluency of habit.

Only talent renews itself on radio, in music and in the words of great writers. The former is heard quite frequently, the latter rarely. Creative genius, the few genuine wits, and those reporters who attempt to inform their listening fellows honestly and completely of the state of the world, are all that give this pattern intermittent life. They account for no more than five per cent of the whole.

"My God!" said a woman who was confined to bed and darkness for two weeks after an eye operation, and exposed for the first time to long stretches of radio, "it's a desert!"

And yet in 1953 Americans bought nearly fourteen million new radios, and a house without a radio is like a house without a roof. It is still, by the very nature of its being, the constant companion of millions, less demanding of attention than TV, more amenable to both active and passive states. At the side of the sickbed, on the kitchen shelf, at the night table, its emanations lull or supplant the interior voices of worry.



They soothe, distract, or—perhaps most successfully of all—postpone (until when?) the need and labor of thought.

Homage to NBC

Radio—sound without sight—could be wonderful. It could teach music; it could teach language; it could teach the past. It could read poetry every day. It could speak the Bible—not as the preachers do on Sunday, with the unctuous and funereal inflections apparently prescribed by the various churches, but as great actors would. Imagine the Psalms read by Richardson, the Song of Solomon by Olivier! (Imagine Massey reading Burke; Boyer, Montaigne; Lunt, Voltaire!)

There is a little—very little—of this, and what there is mostly on Sundays, in the big cities and on the "special" stations. Look at the radio page for the week and see, out of the eighty time segments of each day, how seldom such moments occur.

In recent years I can remember only two attempts to break the pattern of radio, both of them NBC's. Over a year ago they thought it would be a nice thing to revive the art of conversation, to let intelligent and articulate people of varying backgrounds and pursuits just talk together. They brought these people to the studio, gave them a subject, and let them loose before air time. Usually they were so engrossed in what they were saying that they

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never knew when they were on the air and when they were off, and it was a wonderful thing to listen to, like eavesdropping on people you would like to invite into your own home.

"Conversation" went on TV for a while, and then was taken off. Now it is back on radio (Saturdays at 8 P.M.). But now, instead of changing the group, with some of them new to radio and the public, the program has a panel of professional wits and celebrities, ever ready with the quip, social and glib. (Somebody new might dry up for a while or say something fresh. Let's not take chances.)

RECENTLY NBC has got hold, I think, of a more basic idea about radio: that its strength is local and therefore it should address itself to a specific community audience, as the regional newspaper once did and no longer does, living as it must on that nation-wide and wholly standardized diet of news and features which is syndication. So NBC in New York (WRCA) has begun a two-hour program on Saturdays at 9:30 A.M. called "Pulse," which is indeed a local newspaper of the air, with news and features and human-interest reports and weather and theater talk and do-it-yourself talk, all local. It is casual and intelligent, friendly and lively without being hearty. And though one would not necessarily listen for two hours, the luxury of time makes itself felt. One cannot realize how incredibly throttled radio is until the fifteen-minute barrier is broken down. (It is broken down on some late night programs, notably Barry Gray's, but such one-man stints require stature in the man, no matter how many guests he has.)

How long can a show like this remain honest and fresh, avoiding stereotype or the many clichés of the trade? Whatever the answer, it strikes me as going in the right direction, and that direction is involvement in the place where one lives—the breaking down of the general and meaningless into the personal and meaningful. Here is one way the precious thing called identity can be preserved—and it is something radio can do far better than television.

Journey Without Return

FRANCES FRENAYE

JOURNEY WITHOUT RETURN, by Raymond Maufrais. Translated from the French. Illustrated. *Thomas Y. Crowell. $3.50.*

RAYMOND MAUFRAIS' diary is different from many others, because he paid for it with his life.

Ever since the war, young Europeans have turned with a new restlessness to exploration. The French, so notoriously self-contained, have scaled mountain peaks and plumbed the depths of the ocean.

Young Maufrais grew up as an only child, with runaway tendencies that caused his parents considerable distress; he was hardly old enough to satisfy his taste for adventure in the Resistance movement. After securing a news-agency job in Brazil and a small part in an expedition to the Matto Grosso, he resolved to explore, all on his own, the Tumuc-Humac mountains of French Guiana, near the Brazilian border. He went back to France and raised insufficient funds, to be eked out by the promise of newspaper and book publication of an account of his travels. The diary which he began in order to fulfill a bargain soon became his confidant and companion. What moves the reader is the fatality that overhangs it.

We realize by hindsight that Maufrais was doomed from the outset. Lack of money and lack of judgment combined to bring about a late start from the Guiana coast, too near to the rainy season and with pitifully inadequate equipment. He was warned, but of course he paid no attention, and the worst came. The boat in which he navigated the Ouaqui River gave way, so that his supplies were waterlogged; the tangled jungle growth made it impossible for him to find the few birds he was able to shoot down, even when they had fallen tantalizingly nearby; and the roots and greens on which he fed inevitably caused dysentery and fever. He was close to death from starvation—and in unforgettable pages he has described how he ate his dog and how he felt in the throes of delirium from hunger—when he abandoned everything, including his diary, and set out, with only a knife, to find refuge, which ironically enough was no more than thirty miles away.

PERHAPS if Maufrais had gotten through, this diary, the only trace of him that was found, would be less poignant. As it is, we are touched not so much by his foolhardiness as by his extreme youth. Raymond Maufrais was an extraordinarily sophisticated twenty-three-year-old who still sang Boy Scout songs to himself when the going grew hard. And his adventure has much of that which overtakes the runaway boy and makes him ready to go home, except that in this case the road was barred. For in Maufrais' agony his thoughts were constantly with the parents to whom he had given so much worry. Because his last scribbled words were for them, it is no wonder that his father wants to believe, against evidence, that he is still alive. Maufrais did not undergo a conventional religious conversion, but in spite of himself he was forced through a spiritual experience.

We know from the beginning what the end is to be; every detail is meaningful and we participate more deeply in this unfinished story and this apparently purposeless suffering than in the success of many a more noteworthy voyage. "The cowards never started and the weak died by the way."

BOOK NOTES

A New Form

THE FIFTY-MINUTE HOUR, by Robert Lindner. *Rinehart. $3.50.*

THERE is a new category of author these days: the psychiatrist who writes. Sometimes he writes about theory, and then he is often so bogged down by the technical jargon of analysis that he is unreadable or so dogmatically Olympian in his findings that he is unbearable. Some-

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times he writes about the people he listens to, and then he can be fascinating; as fascinating as a glimpse into raw files, a diary not meant for reading, any case history. Where the writer guesses, the psychiatrist knows; he can take you with him in his glass-bottomed boat over the mysterious waters of the human soul so that the reefs and the monsters are clearly visible.

Lindner, a Baltimore psychiatrist and the author of a book, *Rebel Without a Cause,* that caused quite a stir a few years ago, has picked five cases from his notebook. He has picked them well and written about them well. They range from a young rapist to a woman who has pathological eating binges, from a prototype fascist to a scientist who leads a separate life in outer space. The material is sensational enough, and Dr. Lindner is inclined to turn the volume up instead of down. One wishes at moments that he were not so facile, so acute, so good a showman, yet it is as difficult to stop reading as it is to get off a party line when the talk is intriguing.

There is, in fact, something disquieting in the peephole aspect of psychiatric writing. It is not the violation of confidence: The individuals analyzed are sufficiently disguised as to be unidentifiable. It is the shock effect of these incisions of the soul, like an operation seen in full-color close-up.

It is arguable too whether cases like the young rapist should be available to the general public. Even when sex aberration and violence are treated clinically and in the interests of truth they can still set up explosive reactions in certain readers, with end effects no one is yet equipped to determine. M. M.

●

The Trees and the Ax

TIMBER IN YOUR LIFE, by Arthur H. Carhart. *Lippincott. $4.*

IN HIS INTRODUCTION, Bernard DeVoto describes this volume as "a basic handbook of conservation, though its specific subject is trees and wood." Here is the story of the woodlands and the trees, the multifarious roles they play in our national and our private lives, and the careless and criminal ways in which one of our most vital resources is squandered and destroyed.

There was a time when our supply of wood was considered inexhaustible. Today our actual use combined with the shocking loss by fire far exceeds regrowth.

Conservationists, of whom the author is one of the leaders, have spent many years trying to preserve the woodlands for the public to whom they belong. But their fight is constantly hampered by individuals who want to grab off public reserves for private exploitation and quick gain. According to Mr. Carhart, the so-called "Land Grab Gang" was strongly behind Pat Hurley's unsuccessful effort in New Mexico to win election to the U.S. Senate in 1952. Perhaps one reason for their support was gratitude for Hurley's key role in inserting into the Republican platform a Public Lands plank that pledged the party to "the elimination of arbitrary bureaucratic practices" in administration of the forests—a plank which has, fortunately, been neglected in the Administration's program to date but which will undoubtedly be brought up again. B. K.

●

From the South

THE BLACK PRINCE AND OTHER STORIES, by Shirley Ann Grau. *Knopf. $3.50.*

IT IS NO SMALL treat to come across a new Southern writer who while entirely regional in derivation and in emphasis makes no effort to wallow militantly in decadence. Not that the world about which Miss Grau writes these nine stories is superficially an attractive one. Razors and corn likker and voodoo and chain gangs all have a part in it. But so do warmth and sadness and dignity and decency.

At twenty-five, Miss Grau shows promise of that extraordinary perception and sensibility which characterize the best of Southern writing. As with Carson McCullers and Harriet Arnow, her principal theme is that of human isolation and loss. With the understanding heart rather than the sociological eye she considers a host of problems—white gentility and black servility and poverty and change. Her distinctive talents are a true ear for dialogue and an emotional flexibility that permit her to treat of this very complex environment from a number of relative viewpoints. Her range is amazing. She is alternately black and white, male and female, adult and child. But always the perspective is human and real.

Not that all nine stories are equal in value. But the flaws are those of the novice. Miss Grau has a trick of repeating arresting metaphors; one wearies somewhat of "flaring yellow teeth" and "eyes flat like silver." Occasionally, overarticulating everything and leaving nothing to indirection, she operates with a bright falseness on the shallow level of the slickest ladies' magazine. But the level of achievement is remarkable. When Miss Grau is good, which she very often is, she is brilliant. N. M.

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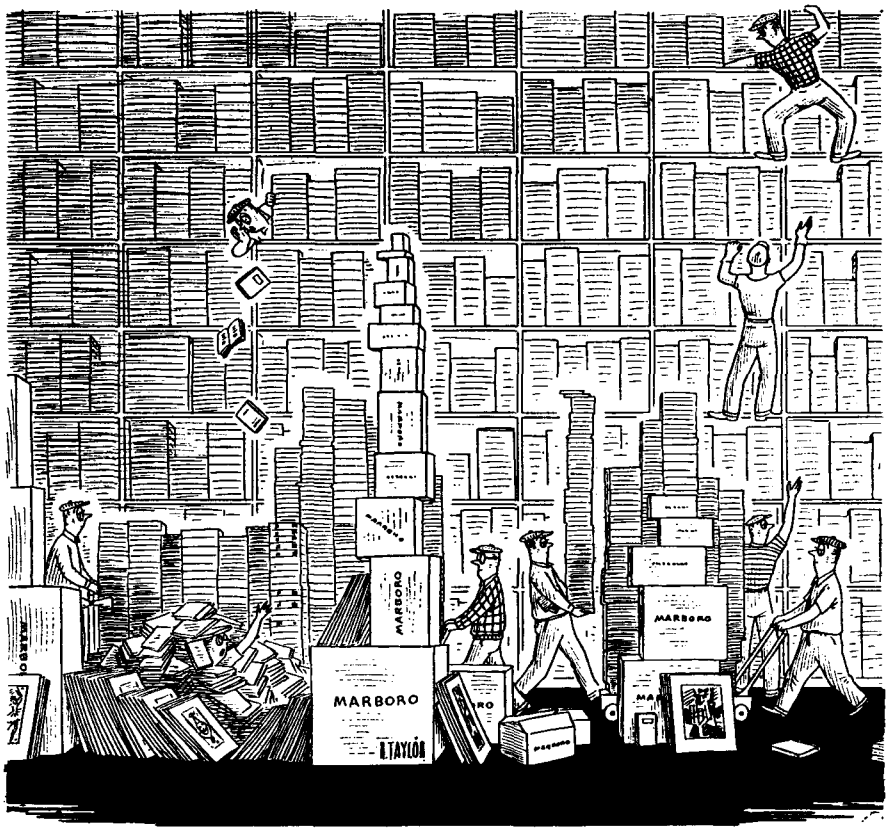

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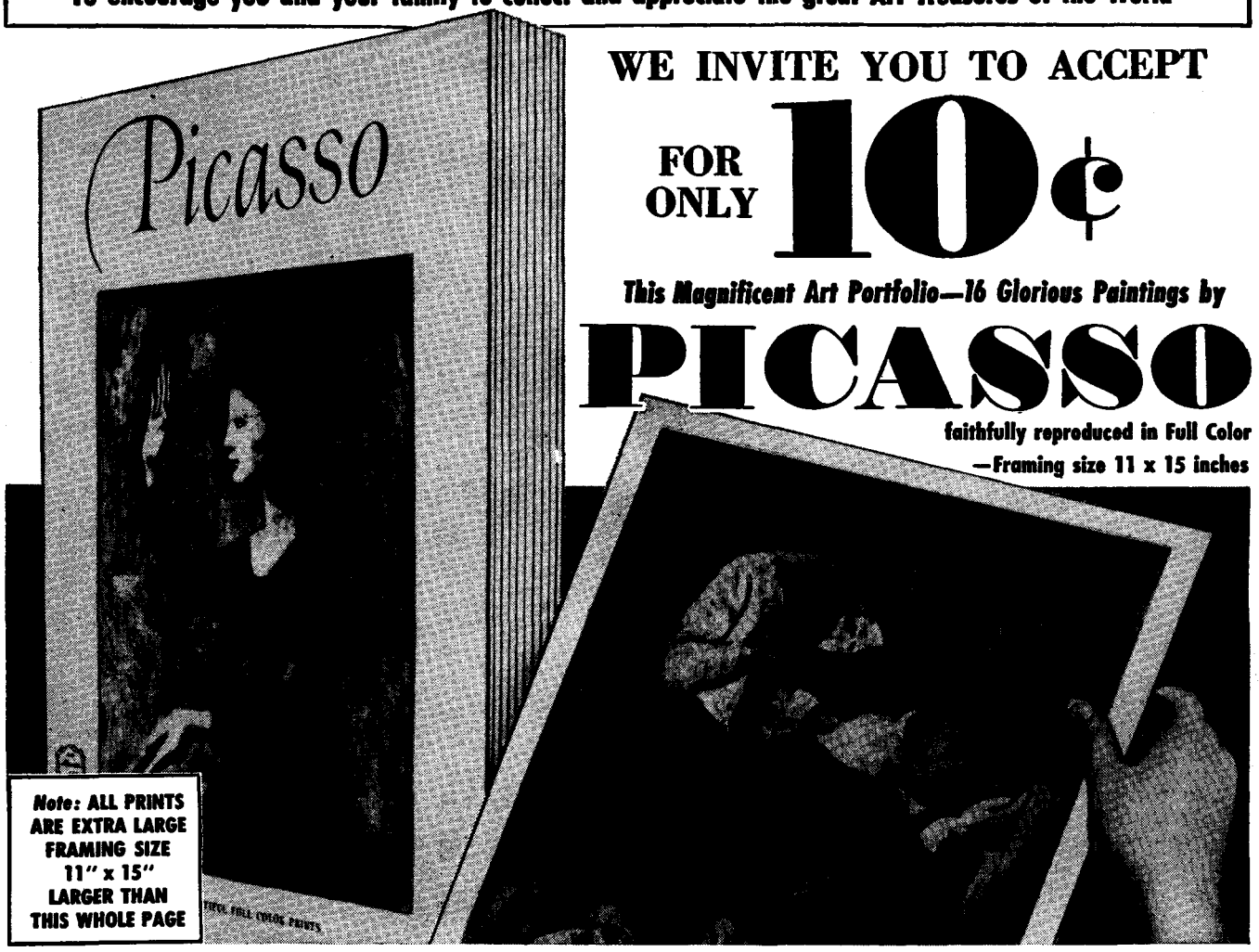

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